

May 28, 1921

# Leslie's

Price 15 Cents  
20 Cents in Canada



From Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts.

262

---

# Making the Clock Tick a Smile a Minute



AN you imagine an existence without a smile? Can you conceive a working day with never a grin, or an evening at home without laughter? How many suicides would there be in a world barren of fun? It is a shuddering thought—and an unnecessary one, for there is no excuse for any one to go glooming through life when on every news-stand in the country a copy of JUDGE may be had for the asking.

We believe JUDGE has proved a life-saver to many thousands. We know it has helped the morale of the nation and made two laughs grow where only one grew before.

That's JUDGE'S mission—to make you laugh. It isn't an easy job, because the writing and drawing folk are a pretty serious group of humans. But then no one can sit down and say, "Now watch me! I'm going to be as funny as the dickens." Humor isn't made that way. It has to strike one like lightning or bubble up from inside of one and spill over into a funny drawing or a rollicking bit of verse or a mirthful story.

It is remarkable how much honest-to-goodness humor we manage to get into the pages of JUDGE. It takes a lot of scouting around among the fun-makers, a lot of weeding out of the tons of sad stuff sent in by every mail. But that's our job and we love it; we are always tickled when we find a real gem which we can pass on to you.

Of course you've noticed the big improvement in recent issues of JUDGE, how the skits and sketches and "pomes" and pictures (an average of fifty of them in every number) have taken on an unwonted freshness and sparkle, made each copy a rib-tickler.

If you are already a JUDGE fan, you know we are not exaggerating when we say "The Happy Medium" is a household necessity to many thousands of alert Americans. If you are just a casual reader, missing a number now and then, you will be poorer by every issue you've overlooked. Don't take our word for it—buy the current issue and try it on your intellect.

*If you don't want to bother remembering every Tuesday to buy JUDGE, why not shoot us a dollar for a ten weeks' subscription? Address JUDGE, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York City.*

MAY 26 1921

©CLB494284

# Leslie's

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER IN THE UNITED STATES

Established Dec. 15, 1855  
Vol. CXXXII, No. 3422

May 28, 1921

Published by the Leslie-Judge Co.  
225 Fifth Avenue, New York.  
Subscription Price, \$7 per Year.



PHOTO BY THE DUKE OF THE ABRUZZI

Second in height among the great mountains of the world, "K2," in the Karakoram Himalayas, rises near the head of the Godwin-Austen glacier, to which only a handful of hardy climbers have ever

**Second Only to Everest  
"K2," 28,250 Feet High**

penetrated. It has never been conquered. In 1909 the Duke of the Abruzzi, with a splendidly equipped expedition, circled its peak and attacked it on different sides; but he ascended only 21,870 feet.



# LESLIE'S

For American Progress, American Ideals,  
American Supremacy

## EDITORIALS



### Betrayal

ON a Memorial Day made immortal by Lincoln's Gettysburg Address these words were spoken over the graves of Americans who had died for their country:

"It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on."

Against the background of the proposal, passed by the Senate, for a separate peace with Germany, how will these words sound, quoted in countless declamations by school children and public orators on Memorial Day, 1921? Is a separate peace with Germany then "the unfinished work that they"—our dead of the World War—"have thus far so nobly carried on?"

Imagine, if you can, the cry that would have rent the heavens had this program for a separate peace been put forth while our boys were still sacrificing their lives on French battle-fields—and the betrayal that it constitutes becomes evident. The new Administration, faced with the actual responsibilities of our foreign policy, is coming to understand this. But the Senate—

One is reminded of President Wilson's appeal to the Senate a little more than four years ago for authority to arm American merchant ships against German submarines. On that occasion "a little group of wilful men" vetoed and brought into contempt the well-considered and urgently necessary program of the Government.

The Senate still contains "a little group of wilful men."

### Pictures You Like

THE democracy of the movies, the feeling of the audience—rarely enjoyed in the regular theater except with well-established stock companies—that this is *their* show and that they have something to say about it, makes them after all the real critics. And this criticism comes back to the producers each week in reports from exhibitors—"close-ups" of audiences all the way from New England to the sage-brush:

"This star should be kept in stories that would give him a chance to feel more in his element—small-town stuff, 'boob' parts, anything that will bring into play his wonderfully awkward grace. . . ."

"The story was too empty and light. These light pictures do all right with a double bill, but I pity the exhibitor who runs by itself a light feature like this. He wouldn't break even. . . ."

"Just an ordinary little picture that doesn't mean anything to anybody and is only good for a rainy-day filler. . . ."

"— is a lemon. Tie a can to her quick!"

"This picture went over O. K., but from my point of view, more story and less posing. The stars do too much posing, anyway. People don't go to admire the star; they go to see an interesting story and to laugh. The day has gone by when a high-priced star in a light picture will make any money for the exhibitor. . . ."

"When one notices the tear-drop glistening on the tip of the bulbaceous nose of an unregenerate ex-bartender in the audience, one is constrained to murmur 'Some picture!' We can dispense with scrub-women during this show on account of the tears shed by the audience which splash to the floor amid the accompaniment of sob music from the orchestra. . . ."

"There were a few complaints about the close-up scene in the fifth reel where Mr. X—has the gun against Mr. Y—'s stomach, as the lip movements of Mr. Y—showed that he said 'Shoot—you ———!' We received not only verbal comments, but four letters in regard to same. . . ."

"The picture went over just fair, as it is one of those not to be taken seriously and many incidents were improbable. If X—had bought a pearl necklace for his beloved for about \$50,000 or \$75,000 instead of \$250,000, which is a quarter of a million dollars, this situation would seem more probable. It is just such little things that several times spoil the whole picture. . . ."

There is sound criticism here as well as mere regard for the box-office. Any art which aims to please all the

people must suffer from the supposed necessity of "writing down" to the crowd, but this necessity is one from which the movies will suffer less as better minds find here a medium for serious work. Great art is almost always simple and easily understood. . . but of course it is easier to be simple than great.

### We Hope for the Worst

"BIG BILL" HAYWOOD'S flight to Russia from an impending sentence of twenty years in Leavenworth has its consolations.

It is bruited about that Lenine will make Haywood his trusted lieutenant and Chief of Propaganda. Evidently, Lenine doesn't know "Big Bill" overwell. It is to be hoped he is cherishing a viper in his bosom.

Haywood is said to fancy himself as the Napoleon of the Proletariat. Lenine, on the other hand, has assumed the rôle of Cromwell in Russia. This dramatic juxtaposition of a Cromwell and a Napoleon in Moscow promises interesting developments.

Let Haywood with his Napoleonic ambition survey the possibilities awhile; and some bright morning let Brother Lenine step on one of his pet corns—then at last, it may be, the Irresistible Force will meet the Immovable Object—in Moscow, resulting in the annihilation of Brother Lenine, the elimination of Friend Haywood, and the solution of the Russian problem—all in a fierce blaze of glory!

A consummation devoutly to be wished!

### Some Business "Virtues"

A NEW YORKER, who, for reasons of delicacy, must be nameless, was recently gratified with a tempting offer of employment.

The firm which sought his services required from him a scientific character-reading by an expert. He was referred to a local psycho-analyst retained by the concern.

The expert rated him high on latent ability but deficient in the essential business qualities of "self-esteem and selfishness."

He did not get the job. "Sorry," he was told, "but your character chart shows there isn't enough iron in your makeup."

Ho, for the good old days when a mean man was still an "ornery cuss" and generosity was yet respectable! Time was when a man's kindness recommended him for a job and gave him reasonable hopes of advancement. Now, a growing number of employers insist that his worth be weighed in advance with a pair of apothecary's scales and gauged with a machinist's micrometer. And woe to him if the acute psycho-detective discerns in him a tendency to meekness or human sympathy! Away with him to the discard! He can never succeed! He suffers the besetting business vices of modesty and unselfishness!

How deeply, we wonder, have the doctrines of these latter-day prophets penetrated the collective business mind of the country at large? Must the model citizen who listens dutifully on a Sunday morning to a sermon on the brotherhood of man hurry home to a learned treatise on how to despise his neighbor?

What a theme for G. K. Chesterton—or Nietzsche!



# "IF YOU'RE COMING TO EUROPE, DON'T BRING ANY GOLD!"

*A Message on Monetary Values Abroad*

From

**WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD**



GILLIAMS

The city of Naumburg, Germany, recently issued paper money that was so beautiful it was all bought up by collectors before it went into circulation.



GILLIAMS

Attractive, but printed on very inferior paper that quickly wears out. Ragged bills are the rule today in Europe, where the governments are economizing.

**I**F old man King Midas were knocking around Europe these days he would find himself in more trouble than anybody else in these parts—which is saying a good deal. Old Midas, it will be remembered, had a way of turning everything he touched into gold, of course; his bed was golden; if he could have climbed into an automobile it probably would have turned to gold and stalled with heated bearings. But in Europe today his touch would have put the jinx on everything for him. He would find himself in countries where gold could do nothing for him except get him into trouble.

Floundering around in this sea of paper money in Europe, with ragged and filthy bills filling his pockets and his suitcase, an American soon makes the astonishing discovery that gold is not worth as much as this same almost worthless paper.

A very disgusted American stamped his way out of the office of an American official in Germany recently. What had happened to him had driven him to sarcasm.

"Well, when we can make automobiles and sewing-machines out of gold, I suppose the yellow stuff will be worth something," he said crushingly to the offending American official.

The visitor had tried to get the official to accept from him a twenty-dollar gold piece. In fact, he had extended the glittering piece proudly to the official, as if to say, "You don't see much of this honest-to-goodness money out this way, do you?" But the official hadn't even reached out his hand; he had been surprisingly disinterested.

"We don't take gold here," he told the American. "You can't get rid of it any more'n if it was a zinc nickel."

The visitor tried to argue, at first; then he got mad.

"Gimme German marks," said the



N. A. MIRZAOFF

Melting gold in Paris. (Note the bayonet.) In his article beginning on this page, Mr. Shepherd has things to say relative to gold overseas that will surprise most Americans.

official. "We'd rather have them than the gold. Go to some bank and trade your gold for marks. You won't get as much for it as you would for American bills or checks on New York, but you'll get something. Then come back here with your German marks and we'll fix you out."

"But the German mark ain't worth even two cents," protested the visitor. "It's almost the cheapest money in the world."

"Bring enough of 'em here, and we'll be happy. They're better'n gold," explained the official.

So the astonished American salesman went out in the strange, cold European world to seek out some bank where he could get almost as much money for gold as he could for bills of the United States Federal Reserve bank. He sold the gold at a loss, as everyone must do who brings the yellow metal to Europe in the form of money.

Not long ago, in Paris, another American salesman who was going into Poland on a business trip bethought himself that if he could only obtain a small supply of American five-dollar gold pieces he might, thereby, grease his way through passport and financial difficulties and there-

by lessen the burdens of life in that part of the world. In New York he had found it difficult to obtain gold; his bank had given him a little grudgingly.

He went to a Paris bank and, hesitatingly, asked if the banker would sell him some American gold coins.

"What do you want them for?" asked the banker.

"Oh, to give tips in Poland, where they don't have real money," said the American.

"Well, there's a law against paying out gold in any quantities," said the banker, "but I can let you have a little bit. But let me tell you, you'll find it isn't worth as much as paper money."

"Well, the dubs I'm going to tip won't know the difference," said the American. "And gold looks pretty good to a mutt. Can you sell me twenty five-dollar gold pieces?"

The banker sent down to the vault and the messenger returned with a small handful of glittering pieces.

"You'll have trouble wherever you go with that money," explained the banker. "There isn't a country in Europe from which you're allowed to ship gold. You can't even carry it out in your pocket, no matter how small a quantity you've got. You'll have to tell a lie at every border, and if you get caught you'll find yourself in trouble."

The customs men would have had to nibble the shaving soap of this American, put their feet into his shoes to feel the lumps on the inner soles thereof, pull apart his hair-brushes and in many other ingenious ways occupy themselves and discommode the American in order to reach his invisible supply of gold. I saw this foreboding young man after he had returned from Poland and he said, dolefully:

"The gold game isn't worth the candle. I had to lie a dozen times. Smuggling gold out of countries or even through them is a criminal offense, and I took some

rotten chances. When I got the yellow stuff to Poland everybody was afraid of it, and all the good I could do with it was to give it to servants. I wouldn't have carried it back to Paris, even if I had had to throw it away. No more gilt for me, young feller. Paper money is better, no matter how dirty and cheap it is."

The trouble with our old friend, Mr. B. Jingling Gold just now is that he is a four-flusher, and that the folks have found him out. If he were a human he would be as helpful as a ninety-year-old coal-heaver. His muscles are utterly flabby and, worst of all, his feet are of lead. He's as agile as a man in a diving-suit.

I emphasize the second point because the chief thing that men in Europe demand of money these days is that it be mobile, fluid, easily moved from place to place. Old Mr. Gold must stay where you find him. It is against all the laws of Europe to move him from one country to another. No matter what you buy from one country, you cannot ship gold from your own country into the other for the purpose of making payments. You may go to the officials of your own country and beg as you please for permission to ship out gold, but they will tell you to change your gold for paper and ship the paper away.

**M**OREOVER, Mr. B. Jingling Gold is a noisy individual and conspicuous. When the government officials of any country in Europe come into your compartment on the train and ask you, "Are you taking any gold out of the country?" they are likely, meanwhile, to slap your trousers pockets, to lift your overcoat or to lift your suitcase. It doesn't require much gold in your pants pocket to spoil the neat appearance of your trousers and make them ready for the presser. A pound in each pocket isn't so very much money, after all. If you try to carry enough gold in a suitcase to keep you alive for several weeks in a European hotel these days—providing you can get the landlord to accept it—you've got a weight that can be spotted by any customs inspector who lifts your bag.

A pound of gold—that is, a butcher's sixteen-ounce pound and not a jeweler's dainty little troy pound of 5.760 grains—is worth, in the form of coin, about \$270. Ten pounds of this distributed about your trousers and coat form a burden; twenty pounds hidden in a suitcase is a hoard that any customs official can find. And, at the best, you haven't got more than \$5,000, which doesn't go far in Europe these days. A few little slips of paper money, of high denomination, are far more desirable for export purposes.

Europe is "dry" so far as gold is concerned. A man might as well try to move freely and uninterruptedly about the streets of New York or Chicago or Minneapolis or Portland with ten bottles of whiskey under his arms and in his pockets

as to try to make "portages" of gold around Europe. The gold, incidentally, is even more undesirable than the whiskey, in that it cannot be imbibed or used as food. It is an incubus.

Silver doesn't stand any higher than gold in the monetary scale in Europe these days, if you consider it from the point of desirability and its disadvantages as an incubus. Silver isn't any more fluid than gold; it isn't as easy to hide in crossing borders and the law against its importation from all countries is general and rigidly enforced.

Many a good old American silver dollar that has jingled in the pockets of American doughboys or California business men is stranded over here in Europe for good and all. You see one of these dollars every now and then when some French tradesman, discovering that you are an American, tries to palm it off on

arrived American. He stuck them in his pocket without question or qualm. On the train, at lunchtime, he tried to pay for his dinner with some of them.

"I'm sorry," said the dining-car conductor, "I can give you only five paper francs for each silver dollar."

"How many francs can you give me for an American paper dollar?" asked the stung one.

"Sixteen," said the conductor.

"New York's right again," said the American. "We never wanted silver dollars there. The paper ones were good enough for us." And he stuck his silver money back into his pockets.

The conductor, as a matter of fact, was playing safe and sure. The silver dollar, as always, is worth five francs, but, mark you, five *silver* francs. The conductor didn't have silver francs; nobody has any silver francs in France, unless he has them hidden in the garden.

The only kind of francs the conductor had to offer were the paper ones, worth at that time a little over six cents apiece. They would have brought the American about thirty cents for his silver coin. If the conductor had taken the dollar he too would have been unable to realize more than thirty cents on it.

**T**HE cashier at Cherbourg was the wise one. For years to come, perhaps, excited Americans, landing at French ports, will happily accept silver dollars, only to find later that they are worth less than French paper money.

Humble copper has not entirely disappeared in Europe. In England it

abounds. In France there is not enough of it and the street-car conductors and news-sellers are always short of it. In Germany little nickel coins take the place of copper. The world will have to be in a far worse situation than it is these days before it gets down to the Chinese level of stringing copper coins on a wire hoop and carrying its money around by the ton. No one tries to export copper coins, wherefore they, of all the metal coins, remain in circulation.

But paper is the thing. And Europeans will tote around their ten-pound burdens of paper, as the Oriental carries his copper. Paper money is the best money in Europe. No matter to what depths money values in any European country have fallen, the paper money which designates these values has more power in international commerce than gold is now able to exert. It is more effective, more practical and more desirable.

But this is not saying that it is easy to handle.

Not long ago an American was sent by his firm to Vienna to close up a factory which the firm had been operating in Austria.

The American found a lot of raw material on the premises and decided to get



GILLIAMS

A ten-thousand ruble note issued by the Bolshevik Government. In the center are the emblems of the "Reds"—sickle and hammer; and at the top, bottom and sides in different languages: "Workers of the World, Unite!"

you. "Old Abe," the eagle, looks indescribably lonely; the one silver eye turned toward you seems to say, "Take me and get me back home to God's country." But, if you're wise, you shake your head and ask the Frenchman to give you a handful of the dirty, torn French paper francs worth, at this writing, about eight cents apiece. "E pluribus unum," you say to the bird, in farewell; meaning "out of many, you're the one that had the bad luck to get stuck over here." Into your pocket goes the handful of typhoid-fever germs, typhus germs, tuberculosis germs, streptococci, and other little beasts, and you depart satisfied.

In the year 3,000, when coin collectors are seeking 1918 dollars, the Paris coin and postage-stamp shops will be the places to haunt. Archeologists of the future, delving in the ruins of French cities, will wonder at the strange coins, bearing inscriptions in another language than the French. For it is a certain thing that these dollars will never get home again, as things look now.

An American landing from a liner at Cherbourg the other day gave a five-dollar bill to a restaurant cashier and was given four silver dollars in change. It was a great piece of business psychology to hand out those cartwheels to a newly

(Concluded on page 564)

# MR. EX-SERVICE MAN ENTERS POLITICS

By GEORGE F. KEARNEY



© UNDERWOOD

*Hamilton Fish, Jr., who made a magnificent record in France, and is now a member of Congress from New York.*



© UNDERWOOD

*Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. Being his father's son he couldn't stay out of politics.*



© UNDERWOOD

*Col. Franklin D'Olier, the American Legion's first head. He was on the General Staff.*



© KEYSTONE

*F. W. Galbraith, Commander of the American Legion. He is leading more men than Pershing had in France.*



© UNDERWOOD

*Not very long ago the members of the American Legion were not thinking about politics. They were interested in very different things. Today,*

*however, having taken off their khaki and forgotten their wounds, they are once more making their influence very decidedly felt in national affairs.*

It was the wily Disraeli who said, "I have followed always the discussions in the Oxford Union, for the subjects these young men debate in the Union are the political issues of the future."

In America we have no one Oxford Union where the young leaders of American life gather. Our college debating societies do not have a monopoly on the education of the American statesman or politician—as a matter of fact, the college-trained man does not predominate in American political life. But if you will walk down Main Street, U. S. A., you will come to a building which houses the American Legion post of the town. It is a far more democratic institution than the Oxford Union and the discussions in the lounging-room of the post are worthy of the closest study as an index of the future.

We have now come to the time when we can consider the influence of the ex-service man in politics from a calmer point of view. At first we foolishly supposed that the war-time prestige of the soldier would remain with him even after he laid away his uniform in camphor balls. We looked for a democracy made safe, instantly, by the exertion of the same sort of idealism which characterized the efforts of the American soldier during war-times. Editorials hailed the demobilized soldier as the savior of American politics. We supposed that the American Legion, and other ex-service men's



© UNDERWOOD

*Colonel J. Mayhew Wainwright, of New York.*



© KEYSTONE

*Thomas W. Miller, the new Alien Property Custodian.*

organizations, would get everything they asked for.

It was not long before they told you in the whispering galleries at Washington that "the ex-service man bogie has been laid," and the machine politician was openly flouting the demands of the American Legion that the country pay some attention to the pitiful accommodations provided for the wounded. We heard of the defeat of soldier candidates in elections all over the country, and we read of the scant courtesy given ex-service men's delegations when they appeared before Congressional committees.

We then came to the conclusion, too hastily, that the ex-service man was a negligible factor in American politics. Some of us quoted Mr. Kipling's poem about Tommy Atkins in peacetime and let it go at that. But we reckoned without the lounging-room of the thousands upon thousands of American Legion posts throughout the country.

It was very natural that the influence of the ex-service man in politics should not be felt immediately. After demobilization his first concern was getting the new job. He was picking up the threads of his every-day life and his enthusiasms were more apt to be confined to the tremendous wisdom displayed in the prattle of the first baby to the exclusion of new political movements. The serious work of the newly organized American Legion



posts was devoted to financing the new club-houses and their membership drives.

But these posts are now two years old and more. The ex-service man has fitted into his job and he feels he has more time to slip around to the post's club-house for an evening in the lounging-room. It is there that he is meeting the most active young fellows in his own town. When he goes to a county executive committee meeting he widens his acquaintanceship, and when he attends a State or a national convention of the American Legion he gets in touch with the young men of the country who are hell-bent on making a name for themselves.

Already the ex-service man is creeping into American political life. President Harding now has three active American Legion members in his cabinet. His Secretary of the Navy, Edwin Denby, was a charter member of the American Legion in Michigan. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Assistant-Secretary of the Navy, was one of the original organizers of the American Legion overseas. Jonathan Mayhew Wainwright, Assistant Secretary of War, is another veteran who is an active American Legion man. Thomas W. Miller, who received the appointment as Alien Property Custodian, is one of the incorporators of the American Legion and chairman of the National Legislative committee for one year, and is now a valued and useful member of the Legion's National Executive Committee.

There are now twenty-five World War veterans in the present House of Representatives as opposed to only five veterans in the last Congress. They include: California, Paul D. Swing and Walter Lineberger; Maryland, John Philip Hill; Massachusetts, Louis Frothingham; Michigan, Roy Woodruff; Mississippi, J. E. Rankin; Missouri, Harry Hawes; Nevada, Samuel Arentz; New Jersey, Dr. Archibald Ernest Olpp; New York, Ogden L. Mills, Hamilton Fish, Jr., and Dr. Lester D. Volk; North Carolina, A. L. Bullwinkle; Ohio, Roy Fitzgerald and John C. Speaks; South Carolina, John J. McSwain and P. H. Stoll; South Dakota, Royal C. Johnson; Texas, Tom Connally and Marvin Jones; Tennessee, Carroll Reese, Joseph Brown, Gordon Browning and Lon A. Scott; Washington, Albert Johnson.

While the roll of ex-soldiers in Congress has been growing, the World War veterans have been gaining strength in the legislative bodies of our forty-eight States. In Massachusetts alone there are forty-

eight World War veterans holding seats in the Legislature. The approximate number of veterans who are legislators in some of the other States follows: New York, 30; Illinois, 25; North Dakota, 30; North Carolina, 25; Kansas, 25; Connecticut, 15; Mississippi, 25; Montana, 20; Pennsylvania, 15; Washington, 20; Iowa, 12; Idaho, 20.

him, but the real political work of the Legion is done in the lounging-rooms of the town posts.

These discussions in the lounging-room of the town post are becoming more heated, and more interesting, every day. The ex-service man, with his experience overseas, feels that he can discuss world politics with an intimate knowledge of the peoples of Europe. As a body of men the veterans of the World War are much better informed on these subjects than the average American. The outcome of the war aims, moreover, have more than a scholastic interest to the ex-service man, for he has invested one, two or three years of his life and suffered considerable loss of money in order to pursue the late war to a successful end.

Just now the ex-service man is seriously questioning whether his efforts on the battlefields of France were not in vain. There are a certain number of fellows who come to the lounging-room of the post who believe that the war ended too soon. They have the feeling that Germany should have been given a complete military trouncing. Then there is another group of Legionites who placed their faith in Mr. Wilson's Fourteen Points, and saw a very glorious conclusion of the war in the triumph of the Wilsonian principles. Naturally, this latter group is dismayed at the final outcome of the Peace Conference and the progress of events since the signing, so long ago, of the armistice.

This latter group is worthy of closer study. They are the men who saw the idealistic purpose of America's entrance into the war, and glory in it. They are the men who responded to the high idealism of Mr. Wilson's war utterances and saw the war as a glorious crusade to bring a new era of peace among peoples. They thought that the principle of self-determination among peoples, the rights of small nations, the removal of economic barriers throughout the world, the establishment of a League of Nations, etc., were ideals well worth fighting for. The disillusionment of this group has been very complete,

and one marvels at the service of the American Legion in being able to keep these disillusioned young idealists from joining organizations similar to the National Union of Ex-Service Men of Great Britain and the *Ligue de Tranchée* of France, which are two very strong European organizations of ex-service men that

(Concluded on page 562)



© UNDERWOOD

*Mrs. Franklin D'Olier, wife of the first head of the American Legion, pinning a membership button on a recruit. From coast to coast the men who went into the Army when the country needed them are standing shoulder to shoulder and helping to make American politics clean.*

None of these men received the official support of the American Legion. In fact, if any of them had declared themselves to be "the American Legion's candidate" they would have found the entire organization down on them, for the Legion has been scrupulously careful not to play politics. But there is nothing to prevent



© UNDERWOOD

*Enrolling members at a post of the American Legion in New York City.*

a man from greatly widening his circle of acquaintances and supporters in the work of the American Legion. On the other hand, few astute politicians would be willing to endanger their positions by actively opposing the wishes of this strongly organized body of ex-service men. Perhaps the American Legion would not take official action against





DRAWING BY CLIVE WEED

*"If ye break faith with us who die. . . ."*



*"In September they worked their way toward the north, wishing to see what was happening."*

## THE WHITE ROCKET

By FREDERIC BOUTET

*Translated from the French by WILLIAM L. McPHERSON. Illustrated by EDWARD RYAN*

THEY were very much alike, so old that they had no age, with their gray locks straggling down on their bent shoulders, with their grizzled beards, their bleared eyes which seemed hardly to see, from having seen so much, and their even step, unhurried but steady—the indefatigable march of wanderers whose whole life consists in being on their way.

"The war," said the older, when a peasant told them the news (it was an evening in August on a highroad in the south of France), "war with Germany—what has that to do with us?"

He reflected an instant, all the wrinkles of his thin face piling up, and began again, with an air of conviction:

"Yes, tell me, Chouteau, what can it have to do with us? It means nothing to us two. We are too old and too miserable. War—that is no more to us than any other thing. We needn't worry about it."

His companion elevated his hairy face and spit placidly. That meant that he approved. In the ten years they had roamed the highroads of France together, sharing good and evil fortune, it was always Chouteau who listened and the other who talked. The latter was known simply as Père Jean, and boasted of having once had some education.

He continued:

"That's the truth. It's all the same to us, isn't it, whether we follow the road in peace-time or in war-time? The routes will be no longer and no shorter. We'll always find somewhere a bit to eat."

The old men walked on at their customary gait. But at the first village Père Jean asked if there was any news, and before going to sleep he talked with

the reservists who were about to start for the front.

Thereafter, in all the towns, he stopped before the Mayors' offices to read aloud to his associate the official bulletin, which seemed to interest him more and more.

In September they worked their way toward the north, wishing to see what was happening. After some days they met refugees, who told them tragic stories.

Finally they saw the ravaged districts—spectacles of death and desolation. Accustomed to lie in hiding, they easily avoided the troops, traveling through the woods and concealing themselves in the ruins of villages. So they steadily got ahead. Chouteau, always placid and easy-going, satisfied his curiosity in silence, and though he had a good appetite, never complained when there was little or nothing to eat.

Père Jean, on the other hand, became taciturn. One morning as he inspected the horizon, he suddenly became excited. "Bon Dieu!" he exclaimed, "there it is!"

"There's what?" asked Chouteau, in his thick, hoarse voice.

"It's my home. I haven't been here for forty years, but I recognize it. Over there, on the other side of the marsh, behind the little wood. It's there—"

"You have a home?" said Chouteau, in astonishment.

"Yes. I would have remembered it better if I had come back sooner. But I do remember it, I tell you. It's over there. Where do you come from?"

Chouteau made a vague gesture.

"From far away."

They crossed the wood which Père Jean had pointed out. Fighting was going on in the neighborhood. The two

old men saw at a distance lines moving indistinctly in the autumn mist. The roar of cannon deepened. As evening fell they entered a village, still almost intact, which looked deserted. Chouteau held back, but Père Jean dragged him along.

"Come on, I tell you! I want to see. It's here. Nom de—"

The oath stuck in his throat.

German soldiers, rushing out of the houses, threw themselves on the two tramps and made them prisoners.

An officer appeared.

"Where do you come from? Are you spies? I'll have you shot."

He spoke good French, with a guttural accent.

He looked at the two prisoners closely and continued:

"Where are the French troops? You ought to know. Answer, or I'll—"

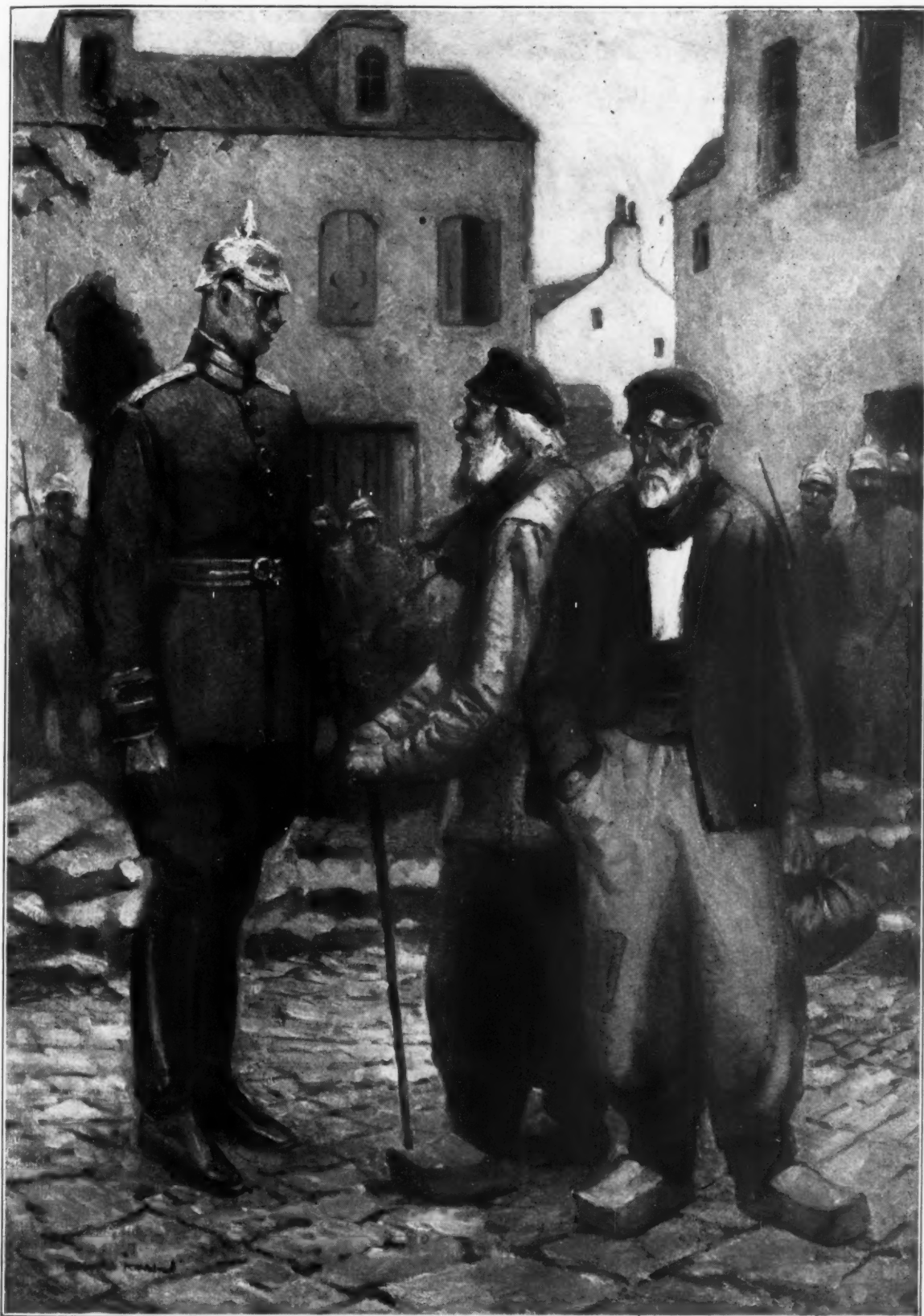
Père Jean bristled up.

"I don't know where they are, and if I did—"

But Chouteau cut him short. A new expression came into his face. He stood awkwardly at attention and answered the officer in German.

The latter seemed pleased. He said some words which Père Jean did not understand any more than he had understood what Chouteau told the German. They talked excitedly for several minutes. Several times the huge officer frowned severely. Once or twice he laughed. The officer turned on his heel and entered the Mayor's office, Chouteau following him.

Père Jean remained outside. The enemy soldiers guarded the exits from the village, but they paid no attention to (Continued on page 565)



Chouteau cut him short. A new expression came into his face. He stood awkwardly at attention and answered the officer in German. The latter seemed pleased. He said some words which Père Jean did not

understand any more than he had understood what Chouteau told the German. They talked excitedly for several minutes. Several times the huge officer frowned severely. Once or twice he laughed.



## COMING: ANOTHER COMET!

*"Winnecke's," the Greatest Heavenly Wanderer Since 1910, Will Soon be Here*

By HERWARD CARRINGTON, PH.D.

ON June 27, Winnecke's Comet will come within measurable distance of colliding with our earth, and in fact it is practically certain that we shall pass through its "tail," left streaming behind it, in its passage through the heavens.

What will happen to us in consequence? Should the gases forming the tail prove to be poisonous, will we all be asphyxiated? And, if the comet *did* hit the earth squarely, would our earth be knocked to pieces and humanity perish miserably—our living bodies being hurled outwards into bottomless space, to fall—fall—fall forever without end?

Such thoughts give us pause! How near are we to this comet, and what would happen if we hit it directly?

Astronomers now believe that Winnecke's comet will be several million miles from our earth on June 27, the day of its nearest approach. This is, however, a small distance, as distances go in astronomy. Between twelve and twenty million miles are the estimates made. It is probable that it will be totally invisible to the naked eye, and will require a fairly high-powered telescope to detect it.

We shall, however, pass through its tail, as we probably did through the tail of Halley's comet in 1910. No injurious effects were then experienced, and none are anticipated now, though we may look for a "meteoric display."

The tail of a comet is composed of gases in highly attenuated form, and even should they prove to be poisonous, they are so rare that no ill effects will be experienced by the inhabitants of this earth. The tails of comets sometimes stretch for several hundred thousand miles across the sky.

Our atmosphere forms a strong protective sheath or covering, acting as a protection against meteors, which would otherwise fall onto the earth in great numbers. Their friction through the upper strata of the air causes them to become so hot that they fuse and dissolve into vapor, so that they rarely reach the surface of the earth in solid form. A shower of these meteors—quite spectacular but doubtless harmless—will be seen, it is thought, on June 27; but otherwise all will be well.

Comets are gaseous bodies, and a dense body, like our earth, could in all probability pass through them without appreciable



*It is probable that Winnecke's Comet will not be visible to the naked eye. Here is one—the Comet of 1811—that was seen by millions. It will return in about 2900 years, so don't lose any sleep over it.*

injury, even if an "end-on" collision took place. It is probable that the earth in the course of its history has passed through several comets, without injury. Occasionally one may be dense enough to cause harm, and it is thought that a collision with a small body may have occurred about 5000 years ago near Canyon Diablo, Arizona, where we find a huge crater, three-quarters of a mile in diameter, scattered for miles round with meteoric iron. It is 600 feet deep, the walls rising above the outlying plain 150 feet.

It is almost certain, therefore, that our passage through the tail of any comet would be quite harmless, and that, even if we collided squarely with a comet, it would not "wreck the earth."

Comets are distinguished from all other heavenly bodies by their "tails." The peculiarity of the tail is that it always turns away from the sun, whenever it gets near enough to be influenced by it. The cause of this was not understood until recently; but it is now believed that the light-energy of the sun exerts a definite physical pressure upon the highly attenuated matter forming the tail, so that it always streams away from the

comet in the opposite direction from the sun.

Comets have been called the "tramps of the solar system." They travel more rapidly as they approach our sun, and some have attained the inconceivable velocity of a million miles an hour. Sometimes, a comet may be torn apart by the terrific force of the sun. A good example of this is Biela's comet, which until 1845 had been returning every six and a half years. On its trip in 1845 a strange thing happened; it divided into two parts, about 200,000 miles apart, which were then lost to view. Astronomers naturally watched with the keenest interest for the comet's return. In 1852, these two parts seemed to be about a million and a half miles apart. After that, astronomers watched in vain. Biela's comet has never been seen since 1852; and doubtless was rent asunder and scattered through space.

Comets are among the most interesting problems presented by astronomical research for the reason that they make us realize the relative insignificance of man compared with the Universe. Take, for instance, the great comet of 1811. It was calculated at the time that the period of

its revolution through space was about 3000 years. As Elson says (*Comets*, p. 33): "Its last appearance must have been about the time of the Trojan war, and before Rome was founded or David was King of Israel. On its outward journey it will speed for ages and ages, and when it returns again our times will be ancient times, and nearly a hundred generations of men, yet unborn, will have come and gone."

It is considerations such as these which make us realize the folly of pettiness, selfishness and egotism, and bring vividly before us the glorious intellectual exaltation which the study of astronomy may give.

During past ages, however, before science had explained many of the wonders of the heavens that are commonly understood today, the visitations of comets gave rise to many strange and fearsome superstitions. For instance, the appearance of Halley's comet in 1066 caused consternation throughout Europe and was regarded as prophetic of the success of the Norman conquest of England. Happily, however, modern astronomical research has robbed the comet of its terror-invoking powers and made it merely a harmless celestial phenomenon.



# AS WE WERE SAYING

By ARTHUR H. FOLWELL

## COMPARISONS

*WHEN Molly was a tiny maid,  
At Sister Dolly's wedding,  
The part of Flower Girl she played,  
The aisles demurely treading.*

*Bare knees, short skirt—the cutest elf—  
All filmy lace and frill—  
Time flies; she's now a bride herself;  
Her skirt is shorter still!*

ONE by one our pet illusions vanish. Here, for years, we have been sorry for farmers' wives, deeming them without exception the most overworked persons on earth. Long hours, drudgery, chores, no leisure. And now comes a news item to the effect that "a farmer's wife" has sent to Mrs. Harding a bouquet of flowers which she sculptured in spare time out of rye bread, using nothing but a hatpin . . . Oh, well, let it pass. We will now hear from Ellwood Dingbat of Ashtabula, Ohio, who is sending to the President by parcels post a grand piano which he made exclusively of burnt matchsticks.

## SECRETS OF THE MOVIES

(With Apologies to the Magazine Page of any Evening Paper.)

**Q.** Has Dorothy Dalton any hobbies?

**A.** Yes; her collection of shoe-buttons is one of the finest in Los Angeles.

**Q.** How many gowns has Constance Talmadge?

**A.** Four hundred and fifteen day, and eighty night.

**Q.** Can you give me the birthplace of Pearl White?

**A.** No; but we have two suburban lots which we will sell cheap.

**Q.** What did Charles Ray play in before the days of the movies?

**A.** Rompers.

**Q.** Do the big movie producers employ regular staff writers?

**A.** They usually keep a number of sexion hands, yes.

*Just as a sporting proposition, if that plan to pension ex-Presidents shows signs of going through, we'll put down a little bet that Brother Bryan will have an amendment to offer.*

## EQUITY IN TROUSERS

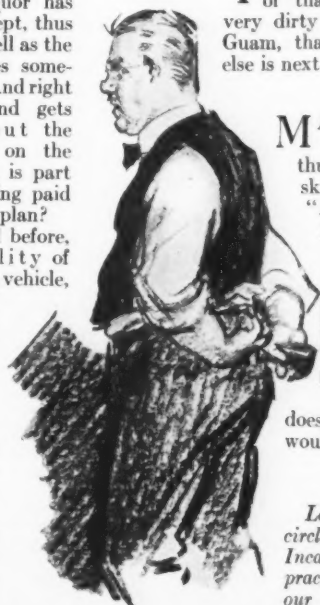
WHEN liquor is seized in transit, the car, the boat or the truck on which it is loaded is also seized. Getting



*"The part of Flower Girl she played."*

the vehicle back, the owner finds, takes time and trouble. One of the law's latest wrinkles is to attach the building in which liquor has been illegally sold or kept, thus giving the owner as well as the lessee of the premises something to worry over. And right here our unruly mind gets curious. What about the pocket-flask, carried on the hip, if the hip-pocket is part of a suit sold, and being paid for, on the instalment plan?

We have mentioned before, we think, the liability of trousers to seizure as a vehicle, but the question of equity did not occur to us till now. Instalment clothing-houses should look into this without delay. If the police put a lien on a pair of trousers because it is—or they are—being used as a vehicle for the transportation of liquor, and said trousers are part of a suit costing \$40 on which only \$6 have been paid, the loss falls heaviest on the



*"If the police can attach trucks, boats and houses, they can attach pants."*

## Nature Studies by W. E. HILL

merchant to whom \$34 are still owing. He has the most equity in them.

Therefore, it behooves every dealer who sells on credit to follow up his suits as far as possible by private detective agencies to see that the trousers are not used in violation of the Volstead law. Otherwise, in the course of a year, he may face serious loss. If the police can attach trucks, boats and houses, they can attach pants, and pants on which there is a first and perhaps a second mortgage will cease to be a desirable form of investment. Perhaps the simplest way out will be to make instalment garments without hip-pockets.

**SUGGESTION** for a song revival: The Moonshine of Paradise Alley.

## IN THE COMING DAYS

THE young bride-to-be was displaying the treasures of her trousseau.

"Have you a bit of your grandmother's lace to wear with your wedding-gown?" asked an old-fashioned person.

The young bride smiled tolerantly.

"I am to carry my grandmother's cigarette case," she said.

*One of our best-known millionaires says that Saint Paul would have made a first-rate Captain of Industry. In which event, doubtless, Paul's Epistles would have been rubber-stamped, Dictated but Not Read.*

"IN Guam," states the governor of that island, "the people are very dirty but very religious." In Guam, that is to say, something else is next to Godliness.

**MAJOR DE KOSSAK**, famous Polish painter, thus comments upon the skirts of American women: "A teeny bit higher, or maybe just a wee bit lower? Never! It's the artistic point—just right! And they are so beautiful! Wonderful! Perfectly magnificent!" The Major is here to paint General Pershing's portrait, but it doesn't look as though he would have much time for it.

*Latest news in research circles is to the effect that the Incas of Peru invented and practiced Jazz. Reading this, our indignation over the cruelty of the Spaniards under Pizarro has a tendency to subside somewhat.*

## A FORCING-BED FOR GOOD PLAYS

By MONTROSE J. MOSES



BRUGUIERE

A scene from the first play ever produced by the Theatre Guild—Benarente's "Bonds of Interest."

**T**HIS story I have to tell is one of healthy conversion. When the Theatre Guild was first organized, and set itself the task of competing professionally with the Broadway theaters of New York, I regarded it with a certain amount of suspicion. It had about it the spirit of amateurism, whose chiefest asset is enthusiasm, but whose accomplishment is sadly wanting in artistic quality. Besides, the new organization brought into its circle some of the "left-overs" from the Washington Square Players, about whom there had hovered an atmosphere of intellectualism which had in it none of the vigor of a certain type of radicalism, and none of the fervid imagination of a legitimate decadence—but which was merely an amateur group,



IRA D. SCHWARTZ

Dudley Digges as the Sparrow in "Liliom."

### How the Theatre Guild Operates

**T**HE unusual success of "Liliom," the latest of a series of striking plays produced at the Garrick Theatre in New York by the Theatre Guild, has heightened public interest in this remarkable institution. The Theatre Guild is a group of professionals, artists, actors, producers, and executives, who organized three seasons ago to produce good plays. Their first consideration is not, will this play make money, but is it a fine play? If the board, which is a miniature public in itself, consisting of an actress, a banker, a producer, a playwright, a scenic designer and a lawyer, believes the play worthwhile, it is produced without consideration of its monetary value.

The Guild, however, is self-supporting, and has been since its inception. It has no philanthropic capital behind it, depending for its support upon the co-operation of its personnel, on its choice of plays, and, most important, upon the appreciation of the intelligent public.

There are six productions a season, and a private performance for the subscribing membership of playgoers who buy in advance tickets for all six plays.

A regular company of players, engaged by the year, come into the Guild for small wages and a share of the receipts of each play. Guest players invited for single productions also enter upon this co-operative system. Co-operation extends throughout the Guild, which is run upon the principles of a republic by a board of directors who pass upon all the questions usually relegated to one manager. The experiment has proved a great success.

avowedly bizarre and sometimes interesting.

Everyone thought that some good "angel" was backing these young folk in their ambitious endeavor; there were

deavors of Susan Glaspell and Eugene O'Neill, persisted.

I tell this as some excuse for the suspicion I had when I first heard of the formation of the Theatre Guild.

countless rumors of the self-same financial struggle which had persisted in dogging the advance of the Washington Square Players; and naturally mistaken ideas crept in as to the way in which the Theatre Guild was organized. But though the Theatre Guild had everything to discard of its inherited reputation from the past, credit must be given to the Washington Square Players in one respect: they created a little group of playwrights who did not create ineffective dramas, and who, like the Provincetown Players, gave encouragement to special workers in the one-act play form. The Washington Square organization died, the Provincetown group, through the excellent en-

But what has transpired during the past three seasons of its existence has opened the eyes not only of myself but of the Guild also—as to the victory which can be won in the dramatic desert of New York's Broadway. For it has been a victory which should awaken the entire country to enthusiasm and emulation.

We have lived for many years in a state of mind which has convinced us that the heavy hand of the commercial managers could never be lifted, and that we were doomed to take for our amusement what they ordained, unless some wealthy men got together with their millions, and gave us a full-fledged theater, with all sorts of artistic paraphernalia, the most obnoxious element of which was the self-conscious notion that it was out to "improve" the public.

**N**OW, the Theatre Guild has discovered, in its brief existence, that, with the proper leverage, the hand of the commercial manager can be lifted; that its grip can be relaxed: the leverage, as one of its directors has suggested, is the belief that there are more intellectual people in the world than we had dared to hope—all waiting for some center of activity around which to congregate for that amusement which would not be an insult to their intelligence, and which would not be a bore to their interest. There had been so much of the amateurism which was downright boredom!

The second thing the Guild has discovered is that nothing can grow full-fledged: but that the soil must be prepared, the struggle of birth gone through, before the flowering takes place. The New Theatre—which is the classic example of New York's endeavor to establish an endowed theater—spent a fortune without having first won the friendship of a single loyal follower, without making apparent what its definite object was to be. In consequence of which there crept into the public consciousness the



IRA D. SCHWARZ  
Joseph Schildkraut  
in "Liliom," the  
play which bids fair  
to equal the records made by "John Ferguson"  
and "Jane Clegg."

belief that here was a rich man's theater, subject to the vagaries of its box-holders. There was no faith in a "new" theater—there was only a building.

What the Theatre Guild did at the very first began to convert me. They leased a discounted theater building in New York, off the beaten track of theater-

going—and this home they have had for a number of years. It was scarcely adequate in its arrangement or its equipment, though it had received some modern dressing while Otto Kahn backed the French Theatre venture under Jacques Copeau. In charge of this stage, so far as garniture is concerned, they placed two of the ablest young scenic artists of the theater—Rollo Peters and Lee Simonson—and handicapped though these two have been, they have given spaciousness to their pictures, and excellent light effects to their atmospheres, because they have entered into the worthy spirit of the material given them to decorate. There has been no grumble from the Theatre Guild; it has done its job quietly and modestly, making no claims, but merely sawing wood to the length they thought would give the proper flare and glow to their endeavors.

**N**O matter how much faith they have had in their enterprise, what they have done could never have been consummated had there not been co-operation in every phase of the undertaking. I am sure that another leverage that has raised the heavy hand of commercialism has been their kind of co-operation. And that should be the motto of this group: They have reached results through co-operation. It has become all-inclusive—this term—because now, after three years' demonstration that they are capable of doing good work, they have drawn within their circle the support of the professional actor and of an ever-increasingly loyal set of subscribers. It's the same way with everything—confidence must be established. Once it is won, support follows.

The Theatre Guild has done things which were brave to do—but not sound, commercially; they have done other things that were sound and brave. They have suffered from their failures, but they have made their failures worthy ones, which have left them solvent, spiritually,



IRA D. SCHWARZ

No more interesting interpretation of a Shaw play has ever been given in this country than the Theatre Guild's production of "Heartbreak House." This is the scene in which "Boss" Mangan's first name is discovered. The

players are (left to right): Albert Perry, Elisabeth Risdon, Ralph Roeder, Fred Eric, Lucille Watson and Dudley Digges. Those back of the Theatre Guild realize that, after all, the average theater-goer isn't a moron.



however slim the bank account. The Advisory Board, which governs the selection of their plays is sufficiently catholic in their range of taste to represent a transverse slice of a selected public. Plays that come to them for choice are discussed as a hanging committee would value an art display. I should imagine that in their deliberations they do not allow themselves to be ruled by the consideration of whether this or that will make money for them—though I am glad to see that their policy is a wise one financially; but they first judge the play on its own merits, and then measure how far they can risk and still remain solvent.

THEY have discovered—and the amateurs have always misinterpreted this—that a play can be excellent and still make money; and they welcome such plays, for, with money in the bank, they can do other things—experiment in other ways—and keep abreast of theater art and theater management. Remain long enough in this state of conviction, and there will come to you the thing which will assure you the adequate support you want. There is a mistaken notion that the Theatre Guild is an endowed institution; except for the guarantee it gets yearly from its subscribers, and for a small sum loaned by its directors—all of which I am told has been paid back—the Guild has lived on its separate endeavors. But confidence is an asset as well as money, and it is interesting to note how these young enthusiasts—through the excellence of their work—have gained international reputation. So that now, when they send one of their representatives abroad, they are praised to their faces by St. John Ervine, Bernard Shaw, Arnold Bennett, A. A. Milne, and others—all desirous of writing for them. And on their office walls, at home, they have signed photographs of Masefield, and a host of others who have wished them well, and shown desire to co-operate.

It is no unusual thing today for the Theatre Guild to see a line of people at the box-office of their out-of-the-way theater—out-of-the-way only in the sense that New York, theatrically, has moved further up-town. It is not now an unusual thing to find their subscribers eager to renew their subscriptions long before the time for renewal, in the fear that they may be crowded out by newcomers. The business-manager of the organization no longer has to beg favors of the theater which is organized for profit; but these magnates now come to them and buy productions from them, as Erlanger has just done with Milne's "Mr. Pim Passes By," which he hopes to send on the road next year. For the Guild has taught New York many lessons: First, that they are willing to be the triers-out of



IRA D. SCHWARZ

Era Le Gallienne and Evelyn Chard in "Lilium."

plays that have languished for want of some adventure to produce them. "Mr. Pim Passes By" has been available for a long while. Would a manager have been fool enough to discard it if he had known what money there was in it? What is the matter with the commercial theater is its lack of faith in intelligence and literature; its lack of willingness to experiment. After the Milne piece had run some weeks at the Guild Theatre, it was taken to a theater farther up town for a longer stay. The commercial manager said to the Theatre Guild Director: "I want to see how it takes with the regular public. I can't understand the crowded houses you have; they somehow are different." But they are in reality not a whit different. All the difference is in the theory of management, and in the faith.

After three years, what do I find about the Theatre Guild, which has raised my

faith and drawn from me my confession? I have attended nearly every performance, and I have come away stimulated, not merely by intellectual vigor, but by a series of new and fresh experiences. Every time there is a new performance I am wondering what grade of excellence it will be this time; there is the snap of expectancy about the scenery, a tank of anticipation about the acting, a feeling that the cast will be well-balanced. And, something which is rare to a theatergoer these days, there comes across the footlights—no, there are no footlights, with the "new" lighting—but, anyway, across that atmospheric boundary which separates the audience from the players—a feeling of enthusiasm which the players say they have when they are working with the Guild organization. Such evidence of potency is enough to make even a doubter like myself exult. The Guild alone may not save the theater, but they are showing evidences and means of salvation.

THEY undermined my credulity with their first play, Benavente's "Bonds of Interest," Spanish in its color, well pictured and costumed, and fairly acted. They attracted the public attention with Ervine's "John Ferguson," which showed an earnestness I had not seen in the theater since the advent of the Irish Players, and which filled their coffers for many months—a play every bit worthy of revival. Masefield's "The Faithful" they did in the face of discouragement; and it was an artistic success, however mistakenly it was cast. But the scenery was notable. They paid compliment to W. D. Howells by dramatizing "The Rise of Silas Lapham," but though there was an antiquarian interest in the costuming—and though it was American—they were doomed to disappointment there. Tolstoy's "Powers of Darkness" was one of those plays that had to be done because it should be done; there was much in it which was cleansing to those who worked over it; but there was much of the dour to be overcome by the public in front

before they could realize the absorbing spiritual preaching of Tolstoy. The Guild here rode in advance of their own advanced clientele, even as they did when they presented Strindberg's "The Dance of Death" at a special performance for their subscribers. In their determination to give a folk piece, they turned to Pinski's "The Treasure," and in their frantic effort not to be accused of lack of interest in native playwriting, they gave a piece called "John Hawthorne." Then came, in their third season, the work which showed how they had advanced, how even their crudest actors had caught the spirit of such wise directors as Emanuel Reicher, Frank Reicher, and Dudley Digges.

(Concluded on page 568)



IRA D. SCHWARZ

Leonard Mudie, Laura Hope Crews and Phyllis Porah plot the downfall of the conventionalist in "Mr. Pim Passes By," one of the most popular comedies ever attempted by the Theatre Guild.





*The Himalayas, as they appear from Darjeeling, where the expedition which is to attempt to scale Mount Everest will start.*

## TO THE TOP OF THE WORLD!

*How the Expedition, Now Under Way, Plans to Conquer Mt. Everest, the Highest Peak on Earth, Which no White Man Has Ever Approached within Fifty Miles*

By LE ROY JEFFERS, A. C.; F. R. G. S.

*Secretary Bureau Associated Mountaineering Clubs of North America;  
Librarian American Alpine Club, Etc.*



R. L. GLISAN  
*Slow work—and a bit dangerous.*

EVERY explorer and mountaineer will thrill as he reads of the great attempt which is now being made to reach and to conquer Mount Everest, the highest, and hitherto the most inaccessible, of the great Himalayan giants. The English Alpine Club, whose membership comprises most of the world's famous climbers, has joined with the notable explorers of the Royal Geographical Society in an expedition which is expected to require at least two years.

Organized by Sir Francis Younghusband, it is to be led by Col. Howard Bury, and its scientific work will be of great importance. Surveyors from the Government of India will map the region, which is practically unknown. Geologists, zoologists, and botanists will gather

specimens, many of which will doubtless be new to science, and much will be learned about the effect of high altitude



UNDERWOOD

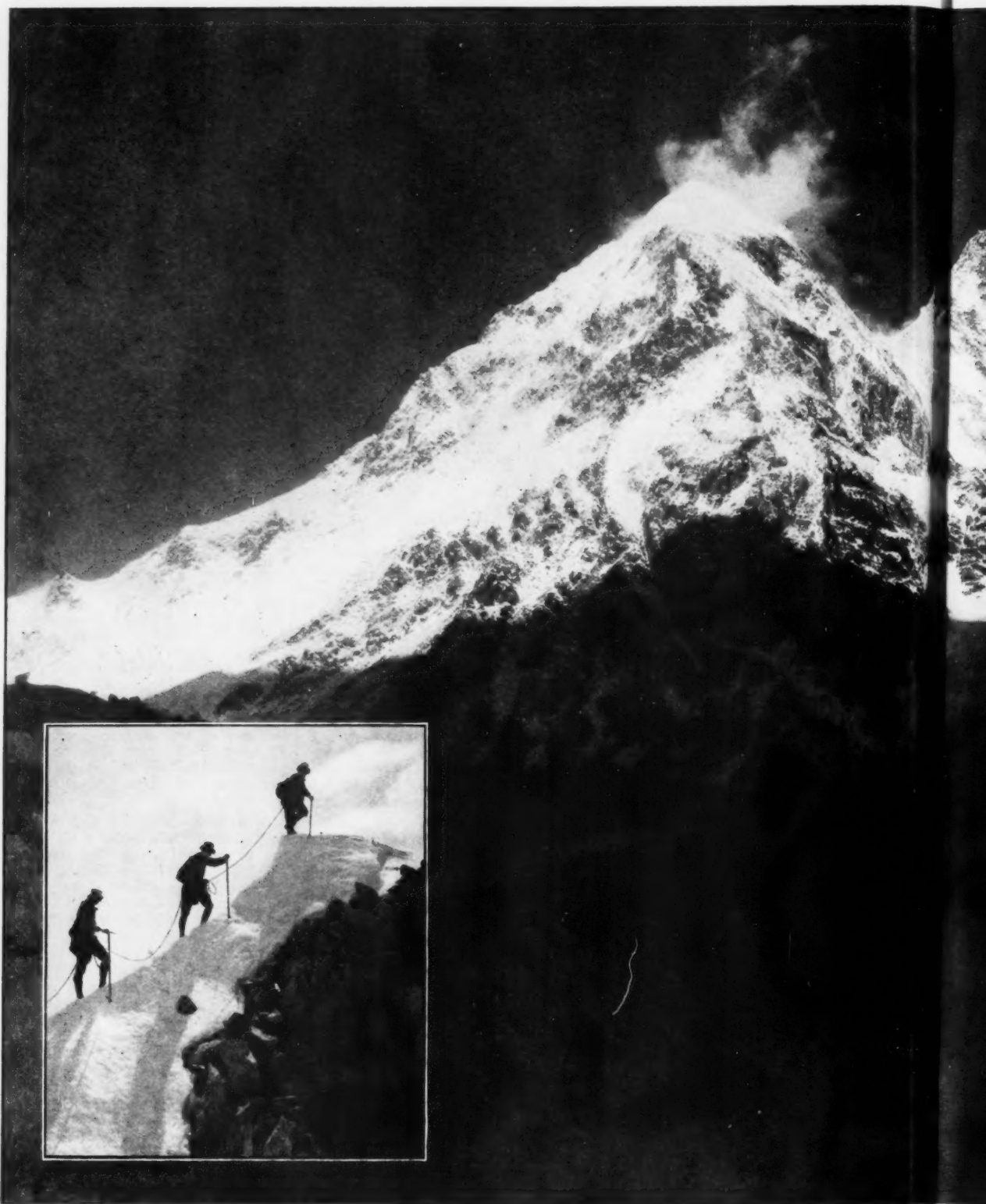
*The Duke of the Abruzzi, whose climb of 24,583 feet in the Karakoram Himalayas of northwestern India stands today as the world's record—one that may soon be broken.*

on man. Not the least in value to humanity will be the added interest in mountain-climbing. The successful conquest of Everest doubtless will be followed by an attack on many unclimbed peaks, and man's courage, love of nature, and appreciation of beauty will be strengthened in unusual degree.

No white man has thus far succeeded in approaching nearer to Everest than about fifty miles. Located on the border between Nepal and Tibet, it is isolated from ordinary approach by vast mountain ranges. Apparently the most feasible and the shortest route is by way of Nepal on the south; but, owing to native superstition and to British political policy, the country remains closed to Europeans. Through the efforts of Sir Francis Younghusband, who led the famous expedition to Tibet in 1904, permission to enter that country has been secured, and Mount Everest will be attempted from the north. Funds have been raised and the party is sailing for Calcutta where they journey northward by rail to Darjeeling, and expect to leave civilization by the last of May.

At Darjeeling many travelers have  
*(Continued on page 556)*

# A HIMALAYAN GIANT THAT EVEREST'S CONQUER



H. HARMON

This enormous mountain—Broad Peak, in the Karakoram Himalayas—with three great summits rises majestically near the junction of the Baltoro and Godwin Austen Glaciers. It marks one of the world's highest elevations—27,132 feet. The sunset shadow of "K2" (a striking picture of which is reproduced on page 539)

reaches across the glacier, which is strewn with rocks and ice from constantly recurring avalanches. The peak is extremely inhospitable to the mountaineer, due to the presence of tremendous vertical cliffs of rock surmounted by a thousand-foot wall of ice, from which huge fragments are constantly being hurled with a deafening roar. It is one of the most difficult and dangerous approaches to the mountain, and the routes of ascent are extremely perilous.

PHOTO BY S. S. SELL

# CONQUERORS WILL BE ABLE TO LOOK DOWN UPON

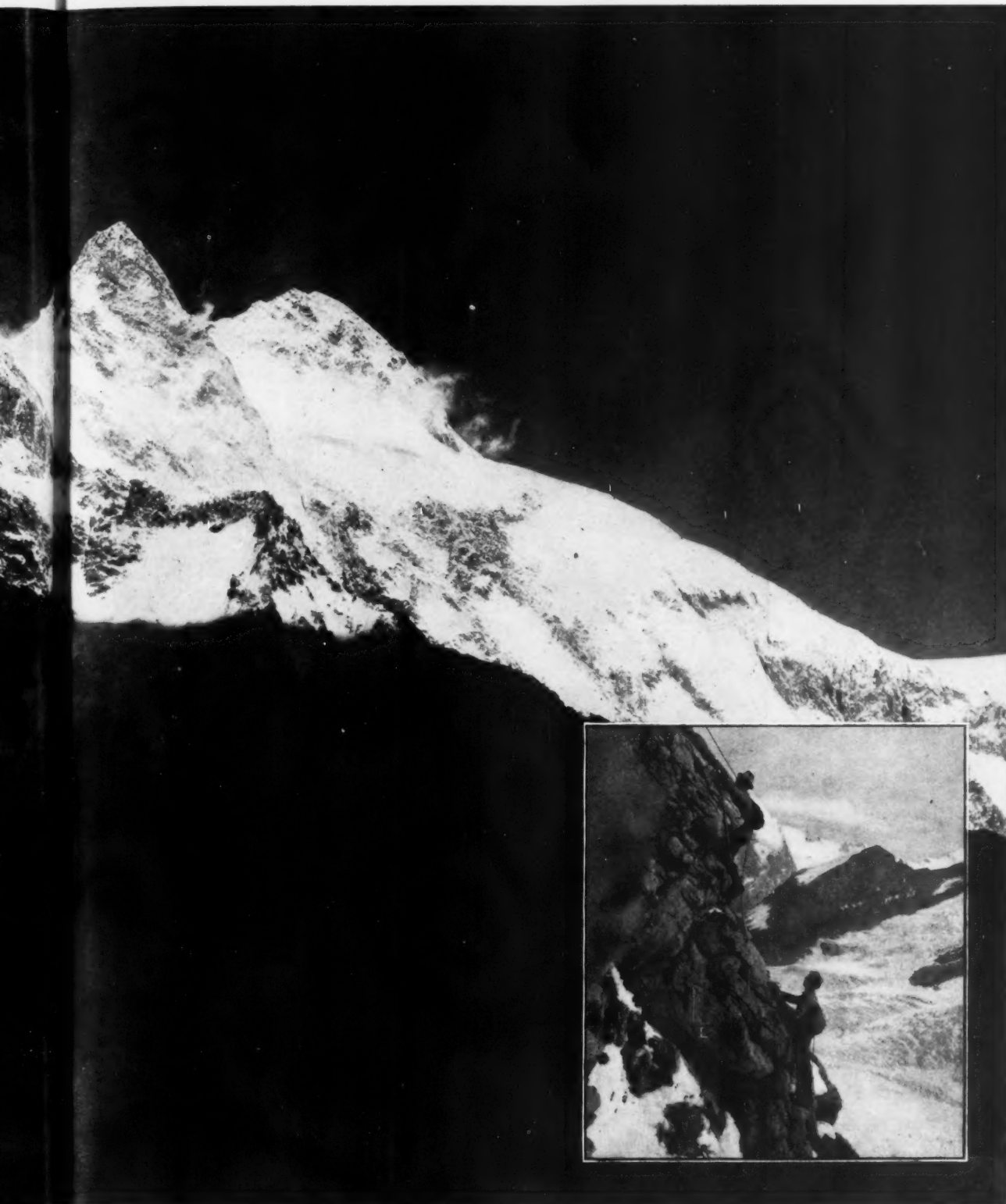


PHOTO BY SALLA

B. HARMON

and ice from the glacier to the summit snows. Even to approach these giant peaks requires many days of the most gruelling toil up their deeply crevassed glaciers, which offer the only possible routes for an expedition. Although no one has been within fifty miles of Mount Everest, it is believed that it may not be so difficult

of approach from the north as are most of the western titans of the range. The inset at the right shows some dangerous rock-work by mountain-climbers with Alpine rope and equipment. That at the left was snapped by a member of the climbing party at that wonderful moment just before the goal of the arduous climb is reached.



## To the Top of the World!

(Continued from page 553)  
climbed Observatory Hill for the unequaled view of Kunchinjunga, 28,156 feet high, grandly crowning the ridges 45 miles away. It is 27,000 feet from the river to the summit, and although D. W. Freshfield explored the mountain on all sides in 1899, no one has succeeded in reaching its upper snows. When, far above the cloud-filled valleys, Kunchinjunga glows rose pink in the Alpine light, it impresses one as supernaturally beautiful, impelling Younghusband to call it the supreme view in all the world.

**O**NE must climb Tiger Hill to catch a glimpse of Mount Everest over 100 miles to the northwest, but only its white top, in a group of three peaks, can be seen above the green ridges. Still appearing on the maps as 29,002 feet, the Indian Government Survey has long known that it is somewhat higher. In 1907 they found it to be over 29,141 feet, but decided not to alter the maps until more accurate measurements could be made.

There has been considerable controversy over its name, and various native words have been brought forward as applying to the mountain, but none of them has proven to be authentic. It was named for Sir George Everest of the Indian Survey.

On leaving Darjeeling the expedition will travel northeast to Phari, in Sikkim, ascend the Chumbi valley, cross the Tang La, and journey northwest to Kampa Dzong. Following the Taya Sampo valley, it will travel far to the west through Tibet to Tingri Dzong, which is the nearest settlement to Everest on the north. It will then turn southeast and cross the Pangu La into the unknown northern region about Mount Everest.

Unlike most of the humid, tropical valleys of Sikkim, the Chumbi valley lies at 9,000 feet, and is a Himalayan Engadine. Westward from Kampa Dzong there is the long marshy plain of the Taya Sampo, but what will be encountered to the north of Everest no one knows, for the mountain ranges on the map were placed there by the topographer to fill up! In Tibet yaks will be used for transport, as they are sure-footed and can travel over rough country to 20,000 feet elevation.

It is expected that this year's work will be necessarily confined to exploration of the approaches to the mountain, and the possible discovery of an apparently feasible route by which to attempt the summit next year. In this preliminary work it would seem that the airplane might be of the utmost value. Starting from a base camp on the Siberian plain,



R. L. GLISAN

Giant crevasses like this one will add another element of danger to the extraordinarily difficult ascent.

the region is within easy reconnoitering distance; but it is stated that the present type of machine would be unable to rise from the ground, owing to the rarity of the atmosphere at this 15,000 feet level.

**A** RECONNAISSANCE of the southern slopes of Everest could be made by flying up the valley of the Arun from the plains of India; but this would require an aerodrome at the base of the hills, for which there are insufficient funds. Possibly kite photography might prove useful in mapping the country. It is doubtful if the recent development of the airplane warrants the speculation of the press that Everest can be conquered by landing on its slopes. Dangerous air currents are found near most mountains, and level areas for landing are unusual.

No one has seen the lower slopes of Everest, for they are concealed from a distance by other mountains; but the analysis of telephotographs seems to show that the western side is very steep, while two valleys appear to approach on the north and northeast.

Harold Raeburn, the author of a recently published book on "Mountaineering Art,"

is to lead the mountain-climbing party. He believes that the northeastern face will be more favorable than the northwestern, as it should be freer from cold. Clouds and storms frequently veil the summit of Everest, but it is thought to have more favorable weather conditions than Kunchinjunga, which is farther to the south. On the northern side of the range the snow-line often lies as high as 20,000 feet, which will materially assist in establishing camps.

**M**ANY climbers have reached 20,000 feet elevations in the Himalayas, but above this height there is a rapidly decreasing list. Gen. C. G. Bruce, a veteran climber in the Himalayas, calls it enjoyable up to 20,000 feet, but a serious grind thereafter. Camp at 15,000 or 16,000 feet is far more comfortable than above 20,000, where special equipment of all kinds is necessary to maintain life.

Most stoves refuse to burn above this altitude, but one must have good and hot food. In spite of warm clothing, a sleeping-bag, and the protection of a Whymper tent, there is usually little real comfort at night. By day, the ultra-violet light, which is far less hindered by the atmosphere at high altitudes than at sea level, literally burns the skin, and fever results.

The intense cold of high altitudes is most difficult to resist, and combines with the exhaustion of climbing in rarefied air to lower the forces of even the best-trained mountaineers. From experiments which Dr. A. M.

Kellas has recently conducted from 15,000 to 22,000 feet, it is estimated that it may be 60 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, on the summit of Everest! At these great heights the climber is in danger of sunstroke while he is being frostbitten. Camping at 21,300 feet on the Nun Kun, the Workmans recorded a change in temperature in fifteen hours of 197 degrees! What wonder is it that the bravest of mountaineers often succumb to mountain sickness?

In the Himalayas the usual difficulties of rock-climbing and of ice and snow work are many times increased. Frequently their gigantic peaks may be approached only by days of the most laborious travel up the all but impossible glaciers which reach the heart of the range. When a peak is attempted the unfavorable condition of the snow and ice has often turned back the best-equipped party. Unexpected avalanches of rock and snow may sweep the route of the most careful climber.

In 1895 A. F. Mummery, who was perhaps the most brilliant climber that had visited the Himalayas, reached about 21,000 feet on Nanga Parbat, which is 26,620 feet high. He had found ex-



cessively difficult rock-work, and abandoning the attempt at this point, he set out with two guides for the opposite side of the peak by way of an adjacent high pass. They were never again seen, and it is supposed that they were overtaken at about 20,000 feet by an avalanche from which there was no escape.

ON its northern side Nanga Parbat presents the most imposing mountain face in the world. From its summit to the Indus below is a drop of 23,120 feet.

In 1909 the Duke of the Abruzzi led a splendidly equipped expedition to K2, a giant peak of 28,250 feet, in the Karakoram Himalayas of northwestern India, which is supposed to be second only to Everest in height. He attempted the ascent from various sides, at last reaching 21,870 feet where he was forced back by soft snow, rotten rock and impossible precipices. He then turned to Bride Peak 25,110 feet, reaching the world's record height of 24,583 feet, where he was defeated by a storm.

The great problem in the Himalayas is that of porters, who limit many an ascent by their superstitious fears, or by their lack of enthusiasm for their decidedly uncomfortable work. In 1913 C. F. Meade attacked Kamet, 25,447 feet, making the highest camp on record at 23,500 feet. In 1920 Dr. Kellas with Major Morshead camped at 22,000 feet on Kamet, and then reached 23,600 feet, but the coolies refused to go farther.

At great altitudes high winds with excessive cold are most difficult to bear; and, if much step-cutting is necessary, or if soft or powdery snow is

encountered, it is likely to mean defeat for the climbers. Sudden storms often arise

possible to exceed 25,000 feet, but only under the most favorable conditions.



B. HARMON

This is not Mount Everest, which has only been snapped from a great distance by aid of a telephoto lens.

which force one to retreat for his life, or to lie buried by snow in his tent for days.

All who have made record ascents in the Himalayas have had great hardships. C. W. Rubenson and Monrad Aas camped at 22,600 feet with the temperature at 29 below zero, in their tents. It took them five days to cut about 1,500 feet up an ice fall, but they persisted until they arrived within a few feet of the summit of Kabru, 24,015 feet, at six o'clock in the evening. The Bullock-Workmans showed remarkable endurance on their many visits to the Himalayas, where, in 1906, Mrs. Workman reached the summit of Pinnacle Peak, 22,742 feet.

DR. T. G. Longstaff went up Gurla Mandhata, 25,350 feet, in 1905, camping at 20,000 feet, and reaching about 23,000 feet, where an avalanche swept the party down for 1,000 feet. The next day they started again for the summit, but had to spend the night at 23,000 feet in a hole they dug in the snow. Again they started to ascend, but two members of the party had had enough, and the attempt was abandoned in spite of the protests of the third.

In 1907 Longstaff faced wind and snow of paralyzing intensity in his ascent of Trisul, 23,360 feet. Forced to retreat from a camp at 20,050 feet, he made a final climb of 6,000 feet in ten hours, reaching the actual top of the peak. This is the highest peak of which a complete ascent has yet been made.

Prof. J. N. Collie, a great English mountaineer, believes that with climbers in the best physical condition it will be

## Everyman's Land

By RUTH WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

I was alone in a field,  
Forgotten for almost a year,  
Alone in a desolate field,  
And nothing and no one was near.  
I was alone in a field  
Till the trenches with poppies ran red.  
But, oh, for the crash of the guns  
To liven the dead!

There in a land that was mute,  
How bravely the cornflowers grew!—  
But the land was despairingly mute,  
And the red was but streaked with the blue.  
I, too, underneath, I was mute. . . .  
Then they found me and bore me away  
Where a many of mothers' sons  
Are resting today.

Crosses to left and to right,  
By row after row, more and more,  
Crosses so straight and so white  
An angel might wonder wherefore  
We are bivouacked close every night,  
I could almost touch with my hand  
My comrades who, tense-eyed, have been  
The friends of my fighting right hand  
In No Man's (now Every Man's) Land. . .  
And a girl that was in a canteen. . .  
What we all understand!



## RUSINIA, BORN IN PITTSBURGH

*How an American with a Big Idea Made a State That Is Today Recognized by the Great Powers*

By LUCIAN SWIFT KIRTLAND



*Gregory Zatkovich, the Pittsburgh man, who, like the hero of an old-fashioned "best-seller," went to Europe, made a country, and became the head of it*

**M**OST Americans have heard of Gladys Vanderbilt, who married the Hungarian nobleman, Count Szechenyi. We all took a correspondence course in the pronunciation of his name when he visited America more than ten years ago to claim the heiress for his bride. He took her to his great ancestral estate in Rusinia, then a province of Hungary, and there he built her a new palace, a modern home of wood brought from America, with sanitary plumbing and other Yankee features, to discourage nostalgia.

How long ago that seems, indeed! The World War, followed by a local revolution, has intervened. The Szechenyis have fled, leaving their American palace in the hands of a caretaker. The Rev. Junius Szabo, settled for many years over Holy Trinity Church, Yon-

kers, N. Y., whom the Countess Szechenyi imported to tutor her, and later her children, in the Magyar and Slovak tongues, remains as village priest. And Rusinia itself, now a peasant republic, is being governed by another American, with whose importation the Countess Szechenyi most emphatically had nothing to do.

When I first heard of Rusinia, I agreed that its castles might be interesting, and its peasants might be picturesque, but I had no idea of journeying the miles necessary to see all these things until I was told the unique news that not one press camera had ever intruded. The gentle reader who has never "snapped a film



*In the little state that was "born in Pittsburgh" the women vote as well as the men. This is a snapshot of a gathering of peasants, taken just before an address by the Governor. In Rusinia the intelligentsia is practically narrowed down to the priests, the school-teachers, the notaries, the doctors and the government functionaries.*



*Rusinia is primarily a peasant country, and the towns serve as little more than trading and bartering centers. Life in them is not particularly thrilling.*

nor shot a plate" may not appreciate what such a challenge means. It is the utmost incentive to the most high-flying vanity in the world, the desire for photographic exclusiveness. Even the most amateurish of vest-pocket kodakers would appreciate the surge of feeling. Thus it was that I decided to learn from personal experience something concerning the little State.

Where is this land? Let me explain exactly. It lies somewhere east of Czecho-Slovakia but not as far east as the Bukovina. Now you know to the dot! Furthermore, it is surrounded by Galician Poland, the Ukraine, Rumania, Hungary, and Slovakia. Rather a high percentage of neighbors for a State of less than a million people!

It is primarily a peasant land with the towns serving

# THE STORY OF A MODERN "ZENDA"

*Which Proves that in These Materialistic Days Real Romance May Still Sometimes Be Found*

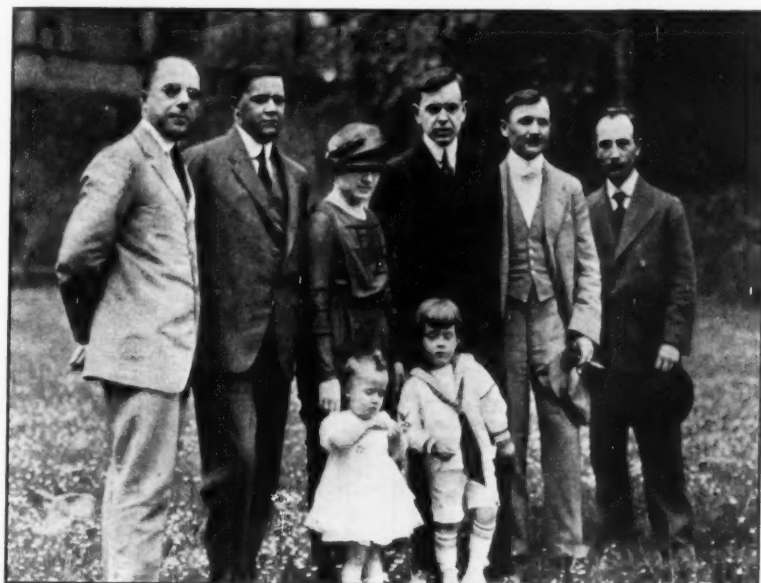
*Photos by HELEN JOHNS KIRTLAND*

as not much more than the bartering and administrative centers. Until its bloodless revolution it was parcelled into vast estates—thus the castles—the homes of the great landowners were sufficient unto themselves, and any town life that there might be for this noblesse was in far-away Budapest. The great estates have now

socialized, constitutional state. Under the old régime the peasants had to pay, through the government, so much in tithes toward the support of his village church. The modern state, built on highly socialized theorems, does not presumably brook the interference of the church with the state nor the state with



*For hundreds of years the peasants have remained the same.*



*The group which conspired to make the world recognize the independence of Rumania. Left to right: John Darinak, representative of the Americans in Rumania; T. A. Zatkovich, Chancellor to the Governor; Gregory Zatkovich, the Governor; Vasil Tegze, who is acting as representative of the Rumanians and Russians; E. Nevicky.*

the church. Thus the peasant is no longer required to pay out his pence to the support of the priest and the church, and, believe a witness, he doesn't! A peasant never parts with a penny except under compulsion.

And yet he is as devout as ever. Nothing could induce him to stay away from Sunday morning mass, and you strike at his church, he strikes back. Around the church moves his integral social life, from his christening to his wedding, and from his wedding to the grave. It looks as if—unless the new democratic constitution can compromise with its principles and unite with the church—the peasant's only solution is to go bolshevistic so as to force somebody to make him pay out his tithes again.

Of all the scissors-cutting on the lines of lithography of the map of Europe which took place in Paris, one can perhaps say that the most unexpected and undreamed of freedom and oppor-

been broken up, and the country is aridly bare today of private monopolies and titled folk.

I admit freely that this description tells nothing about the real Rumania. The peasants have been there for a thousand years, more or less, and they are the country. It is easy enough to discourse fluently on the psychology of the cities and city people of Europe, and to discover the life of the intellectual classes and the industrial populations, but when it comes to an American's attempting to interpret the moods, whims, convictions, prejudices, or moving passions of the peasants of the soil, there can be little more than suggestive hints.

For instance, Rumania was changed over in the wink of an eye from a feudal community to a highly



*A typical street scene in Uzhorod, the simple little town that was selected by Governor Zatkovich to be the unostentatious capital of the new country.*





A Rusinian palace built of wood, brought from America! Before the revolution which gained Rusionia its independence it was occupied by Count Szechenyi and his Countess, who was Miss Gladys Vanderbilt.

tunity of self-determination came to the Rusins. I asked one of the founders of the new state if, when he was a student in the seminary on the hill above Uzhorod, he had ever imagined that the Rusins would achieve a separate national independence, and he answered frankly that he had never dreamed of such a possibility.

Of course, without Rusionia's "colonies" in Pittsburgh and Homestead, there never would have been the impetus. The romance of the astounding fact lies particularly with one family.

About the middle 80's a certain Mr. Zatkovich was a notary in that area of Hungary which the people of Budapest called "Ruthenia." His position in life classed him with the intelligentsia, but he was not content with the possibilities which that position opened up for his children. His little son Gregory had just been born. If some old wife had prophesied that this son was to grow up to become the *de facto* creator and first ruler of a free and autonomous Rusionia, the notary might probably have had her confined for lunacy.

**W**HATEVER were the notary's thoughts, he took the best step to prepare his son for his fate. He emigrated to America, where he gave the boy a college education and a law-school training.

This son, Gregory Zatkovich, eventually hung out his shingle in Pittsburgh. He married an American girl and was keeping house and practicing his profession like any number of million other men in America when the Great War broke out. His work had brought him somewhat prominently before the American Rusins, as he had been retained by the Greek Catholic church of America on a protracted and important case, which he won before the Supreme Court.

Towards the end of the war when hope began to surge in the breasts of the submerged nationalities of Europe, an idea of a Rusin state began to gather some headway among the immigrants in Pittsburgh. The idea was more or less forced upon certain of the leaders by the throng. Perhaps the sincerity of these leaders was

not to be doubted, but their earnestness was open to question. The possibility to them seemed too utterly remote to be taken seriously. The idea was one rather to be used for local political purposes in America for such length of time as it might be popular, and then it could be quietly forgotten.

When the time to cry enough had apparently arrived, the committee of leaders, instead of snuffing out the movement, once and for all, wished the job onto Zatkovich, who, it was thought, could administer an

he unobtrusively sought the ear of Colonel House. The Colonel passed his memorandum up to the Big Four. The subject of Rusionia was never thrown into the popular maelstrom of argument in Paris. I do not know of a newspaper man at the Peace Conference who heard the name of Rusionia mentioned. Zatkovich was wise in his generation. While others screamed from the housetops demanding admission at the front portal, he slipped in by the side door.

I shall never forget my first meeting with Zatkovich. I was at dinner with an acquaintance. My friend hailed a tall, slender young man who came in, and asked him to sit at our table. At first sight he was obviously an American.

**T**HE talk drifted from one subject to another until it struck Rusionia. The tall young American seemed to know, and know confidently, a great deal about the mysterious little new state. I asked him if he had ever met the redoubtable Zatkovich, the Pittsburgh lawyer who had had the dramatic dream of detaching the Ruthene province from Magyaria and establishing an autonomous state under the shadow of the Carpathians, and then had had the punch to put his dream through. The young man laughed. I was sitting opposite the founder of the state, himself. And I had always imagined him to be a benevolent old gentleman with a long, white beard!

The secret of Rusionia's existence lies in the simple fact that Zatkovich was born with a political mind. He knows exactly the different instants when democracy goes best and when the high stuff goes best. He has used this knowledge for the exclusive furtherance of Rusionia's interests. As far as the feelings of the peasantry go, I imagine that he could proclaim himself king tomorrow. As it is he sticks to being a very hard-working servant and only uses the "high stuff" when it is necessary to pull through his democratic ideals, and the American policies which he believes the country can really absorb for its ultimate good.

He has a tremendous capacity for work and an immense reserve of vitality.

(Concluded on page 563)



© INTERNATIONAL  
The Countess Szechenyi, as she appeared when she married Count Szechenyi, in 1908. She and her husband can return to their estate in Rusionia if they wish to; but they can keep only a hundred and fifty acres of their land.

artistic finish. He could please the enthusiasts with some more nice talk if he wished. Then the idea would trail into nothingness and be forgotten.

But that was exactly what did not happen. Zatkovich took the job seriously. He was a believer in action, and with his credentials in his pocket he hopped on a train for Washington and knocked on the door of the State Department. He was next heard from in Paris, where amidst the vociferous din of all Europe's propaganda



The outer stone wall surrounding the east Eighth Century castle on the hill above the capital city of Uzhorod. The castle was given to Zatkovich as his residence when the family came from Pittsburgh.

# MOTOR DEPARTMENT

Conducted by  
H. W. SLAUSON, M. E.

Readers desiring information about motor cars, trucks, accessories or touring routes, can obtain it by writing to the Motor Department, *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York City. We are very glad to answer inquiries free of charge.

## The High Cost of Keeping Your Car

**I**T is cheaper to run your car than it is to leave it idle, for while you are driving it you know that you have it and that it is still yours. But leave it in the garage or on the curb for five minutes and, even though apparently securely locked, you cannot know that it will still be yours. These conditions have made theft insurance rates expensive, and hence the high cost of keeping your car.

So serious has this situation become that it is not uncommon for a staunch adherent of one popular make of car, which he may have driven for years, to change brands and select one less popular merely on account of the lower insurance rates made possible on this latter make because of the less frequent thefts of those cars which do not command so high a second-hand value.

The police authorities say that this condition is due largely to the laxness of the insurance companies; and the insurance men, on the other hand, can blame the carelessness of the owners. The remedy lies with all three and in a thorough understanding of the conditions which make the theft of a dozen or so cars in New York a normal and regular daily occurrence.



ASHEL CURTIS

A public camping-ground at Snoqualmie Pass, in the Cascades, sixty miles from Seattle. In the Northwest free camps are found not only in the cities but in various scenic spots, national forests, and county and State parks as well. More than sixty thousand people last year enjoyed the privilege of camping without charge in the Snoqualmie National Forest. Spokane, one of the gateways of the Pacific Northwest, finds it necessary to maintain two free automobile parks, and the number of tourists who use the good roads in that section of the country is rapidly increasing.

First of all, we must remember that the average thief knows more about your car than do you—the average owner. The thief may not necessarily be an automobile school graduate, but he is a pupil of a modern Fagan, and can short-circuit the wires around the best ignition lock, or provide a supplementary feed to the carburetor to circumvent the purposes of a

gasoline line lock with an ease and daring that would test the skill of a gasoline Houdini. Furthermore, the modern thief is enough of a metallurgist to know the resisting qualities of the hardest and toughest steel locks and chains, and he is always prepared with a set of powerful saws or cutters which will part the toughest steel lock, cable or chain almost as easily as our tanks snapped the barbed-wire entanglements at the Argonne.

But with all his skill of picking and breaking locks, the thief will choose the line of least resistance, and thus the car owner who uses no protective devices falls the most frequent victim to the covetousness of the car thief. Here, however, we may well take a thrust at the methods prevailing in some insurance companies, for the tendency of many owners of cars which are insured above their second-hand value is to ignore precautionary measures and in frequent instances almost to invite theft in the belief that the cash accruing from the insurance company will prove more acceptable than the continued use of the car.

In fact, this is a serious phase of the situation and one for which the insurance companies must seek a speedy remedy. So frequent has become this abuse of insurance privileges that rates are in danger of representing a sufficient proportion of the actual value of the car to make full insurance and the use of cars and pro-

(Concluded on page 570)

## DO YOU KNOW

1. What is the difference between a "Q. D." and a "soft bead clincher" tire?

2. How to avoid corroded battery terminals?

Answers to these questions will be found in the next issue of the Motor Department.

### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN THE LAST MOTOR DEPARTMENT

1. How to stop rim squeaks.

Rim squeaks are caused by uneven pressure between the lugs or wedges and the rim. These lugs are made wedge-shaped and when screwed in should furnish support for the rim. If the rim has been sprung or the lugs worn this pressure will not be equally distributed on all of them. Oversize lugs can be

obtained which will successfully stop rim squeaks. In lieu of these, strips of leather or rubber may be placed between the worn lugs and the rim to form a greater thickness of lug and to produce added pressure which will eliminate squeaks.

2. Why water will not quench a gasoline fire.

Water will not mix with gasoline, consequently when it is poured on the gasoline it merely scatters the burning fuel into small drops and will then serve to spread the fire. Some chemical, the fumes of which will choke the fire, or some such material as sand, damp cloths, or other means of preventing air from reaching the fire, constitutes the best method of quenching gasoline flames.

## Mr. Ex-Service Man Enters Politics

(Concluded from page 544)

have affiliated themselves with Lenine's Third International, and are highly organized for the promotion of revolution.

It is from this group of young idealists, guided by the tempering influences of American Legion associations, that we may look for the real effect of the ex-service man's thought on politics. These men went to Europe with their eyes wide open and they sensed the temper of the peoples of Europe. They will tell you that they are opposed to any participation of America in European politics unless the rights of America are fully safeguarded and American ideals treated with more respect than they were at the Peace Conference in Paris.

The ex-service man, in his talks in the lounging-room of the town post, is evolving a hundred-per-cent, American attitude toward world affairs which is bound to have a very significant effect on our world policies. He has had time now to digest the reasons for our entrance into the World War. Few veterans, if any, could be made to admit that it was a mistake, but there is an increasing body of these young American thinkers who declare that while our cause was overwhelmingly triumphant on the battlefields, the American point of view met an ignominious defeat at the hands of our allies.

This does not mean that this group of liberal-minded ex-service men have conceived a hatred of our former allies. Instead, they express an eagerness that the cordial relations between the associated powers be continued. Nor have they lessened their hatred for the German point of view, as expressed in the war. But they have the feeling that America should not participate in a war settlement which can only re-establish the *status quo* in Europe, and which will perpetuate the old hatreds among nations. Knowing the psychology of the people among whom they fought, the average overseas veteran looks with great dismay at the trend of affairs in Europe, where all idealism has been stifled in the mad conflict of selfish interests. An army that journeyed across the sea to fight for no personal gain could hardly look kindly on the repackaging of the world to suit the ambitions of our former allies. Nor can the American soldier, with his inborn hatred of all things military, glory in a military settlement of the world's diplomatic problems.

ON the other hand, the sentiment for a League of Nations is distinctly on the wane among ex-service men. It was once regarded as the only solution of the world problem, but the thinking ex-service man

now thinks that a League, without the guidance of high political ideas, would prove an entangling alliance to a nation, like America, which should maintain her real idealism. The phrase of General Smuts, who called America "the guardian of the spiritual conscience of the world," is one which we hear frequently quoted in many of the deep political discussions in the lounging-room of the town post.

Without an appreciation of how the average ex-soldier feels about the out-

never be repaid for the service rendered in the last war. Yet, when we came home and read how ignominiously the idealistic program of America was defeated at the Peace Conference, with an exultant howl from our own Senate chamber, we were forced to look upon the question of adjusted compensation from a slightly different point of view.

Moreover, we experienced the triumphing of the same selfish spirit when the demobilized soldier set out to hunt for

his job. The men who stayed at home had profited immensely by the scarcity of labor, while we earned our dollar a day. Moreover, we received the impression that the country entertained its own private opinion of the returning soldier who had been so foolish as to drop everything when an exemption from military service, and good pay at a war industry, could be secured so easily. This was a nasty thought and gave many a returning soldier a great deal to ponder over.

In the lounging-rooms of most of the town posts the ex-soldier's mind is made up. Nothing but an insistent campaign for the five-fold adjusted compensation plan will suit him. If the national officers of the American Legion should relax their firm determination to put the bonus through there would be a howl from every American Legion post along Main Street, U.S.A.

As a matter of fact, the original organizers of the Legion tried to approach the matter of the bonus at the beginning with less insistence than they do now. At the first convention held in Indianapolis, on November 11, 1918, they determined to leave the matter entirely up to Congress. At their next convention, a year later, an overwhelming majority of the delegates were instructed to insist that the American Legion take a more emphatic stand on the bonus question. A National Commander who should recede an inch from the five-fold adjusted compensation plan that has been formulated by the Legion would find his resignation demanded before the completion of his term.

Among the ex-service men all over the United States there is a growing conception of the rôle this nation should play in the unfolding drama of world affairs and a quickening perception of the obligations of our Government at home. It is inevitable, therefore, that this viewpoint should find expression in American politics and that the collective voice of the American men who risked their lives to save the world from despotism should be heard in no uncertain tones not only in Washington but in all the capitals of the earth.



© UNDERWOOD

Today Secretary of the Navy Denby is probably the most prominent member of the American Legion. Before he became a private and helped Uncle Sam to win the war he was one of the biggest political figures in Michigan.

come of the European war, the attitude of the American Legion on the subject of the bonus is unintelligible. There has been a very great deal said about the lack of idealism displayed by the returning soldier in his insistent demand for an adjusted compensation. It has been most gloriously said that a soldier in this last war could never feel compensated for the effort and sacrifice he made in the great struggle.

**B**UT what, asks the demobilized soldier, if the sacrifice has turned out in vain? How do you think we feel as members of a great crusade, in a war that was to end wars, who returned home only to find no such purpose actuating the statesmen who are attempting the peace settlement? Suppose you invested your whole life in this most glorious of all struggles to bring a new era of peace and good-will into the world and found, later, that the promises were only dazzling adjectives that sputtered out when the selfish interests among nations asserted themselves.

This disillusionment over the failure of our war aims is at the basis of the intelligent ex-soldier's approval of the campaign for adjusted compensation. There are many men among us who felt we could



# Rusinia, a Modern "Zenda"

(Concluded from page 560)

Almost every state paper goes across his desk. He knows just which items of taxation are most likely to be acceptable and which irritating; he seems to know the qualifications of every man recommended for even the most insignificant office; above all, he brings an American wit to pass judgment upon all the political tricks wearing the mantle of innocence.

But more interesting than his duties at the Mansion House are the Sunday pilgrimages by the Governor to some corner of the state. I accompanied his entourage on such an excursion. The village is, of course, notified some days in advance, as the affair is a social-religious-political bit of pageantry. The peasants play the game by putting on their most gorgeous costumes and embroideries, and Zatkovich brings along the Chancellor and a military aid.

We started early in the morning. The sky was blue and the countryside was one charming picturesque view after another. The one-time military road was perfect. We covered about a hundred kilometers in a couple of hours and finally drew up at the home of the village priest. The house was quaint and comfortable, and was surrounded by a most luxurious garden and orchard. The man himself was most interesting, an intelligent and cultivated gentleman. The peasants in all their brilliancy were gathered at the church, which was a stone's-throw away.

**B**EFORE we journeyed on to the church we were offered a second breakfast and the fortification of a glass of home-made "slivovitz." A Rusin can toss down a glass of this said distillation and keep on talking without a break in his voice or a tear in his eye. A few drops administered to a Bryan Democrat would revive free silver.

The old church was jammed to the last inch with standing and kneeling figures. We had the distinction of being given chairs behind the altar. The chanting of the service by the peasants—very Russian in its atmosphere—was extraordinarily effective from a purely artistic standpoint as well as from its example of simple devotion.

The church was on a hill. After the mass we went out to a grove which led down to the valley. For an hour the Governor spoke. I suppose it was an educative harangue. Afterwards there was another half-hour of questioning from the peasants. When we at last walked back to the home of the priest we found another delegation waiting with questions and argument. After a long, elaborate midday feast prepared by the priest's family (of delicacies worthy of the attention of a Lucullus) still further delegations and committees came from the neighboring villages.

Thus is the new and autonomous state, now that it has been born, being reared into life. But what is its future? The Peace Conference placed the infant under the protection of Czecho-Slovakia. To guess with any accuracy the future of Rusinia would need the vision to guess the future of Eastern Europe.

# YOUR TROUBLES ARE OVER

THIS DOES IT



## Van Kerr Transformers

Decrease gasoline consumption—give greater power—decrease carbon deposits. You can attach them yourself in a few moments and from that time you will have a sweet, smoothly running motor, which starts easily even in zero weather.

### Your Motor Pumps Oil!

85% of all motor troubles are caused by pistons pumping oil. Result—fouled spark plugs—uneven, jerky, missing motor—ruined car.

Van Kerr Transformers positively eliminate all the motor troubles due to pistons pumping oil. The Transformers, through their auxiliary gap, carry oxygen to your explosion chamber. The more combustible spark so produced, burns every particle of oil and gas, giving greater power, leaving no carbon and enabling you to run on a leaner mixture.

The Van Kerr Transformer is a perfected article, and is the only oxygen-burning system of ignition on the market. It is sold on an absolute money-back guarantee, which comes with every set.

For Pleasure Cars, Motorcycles, Tractors, Gas Engines

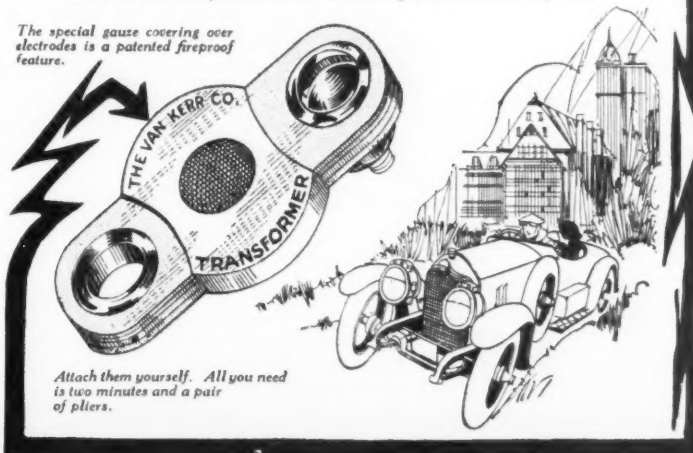
## Send No Money

Write us today, giving your dealer's name and the kind of car you drive. We will send you a set of Transformers by parcel post. Pay the postman \$2.00 for a four-cylinder set, or \$2.50 for a six-cylinder set, and the Transformers are yours. You also get a free booklet, written by ignition experts, which alone may save your usual spring repair bills.

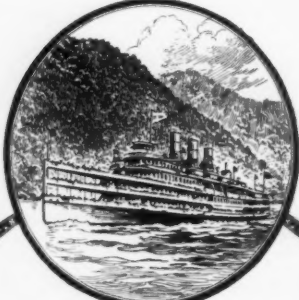
**DEALERS!** Van Kerr Transformers will add to your profits. Satisfied customers mean increased sales.

**THE VAN KERR CO., Dept. 16, 3160 N. Clark St., Chicago**  
Over 100,000 satisfied customers are using Van Kerr Transformers

The special gauze covering over electrodes is a patented fireproof feature.



Attach them yourself. All you need is two minutes and a pair of pliers.



## Hudson River by Daylight

EACH turn discloses new views of rolling hills and towering mountains. Each mile of river shore presents a more delightful picture. Through service between New York and Albany as well as ideal one day outings.

"De Witt Clinton", added to the Day Line fleet this season, making five famous steamers in service.

Season May 14 to Oct. 23 inclusive. Daily including Sundays. All through rail tickets between New York and Albany accepted. Send 4 cents for literature.

**Hudson River Day Line**  
Desbrosses Street Pier, New York

## 3 Shirts for \$3.59



Rush your order in today sure. Genuine Swolzen shirt material, extra fine count, very high luster. Latest effects, most beautiful black, blue and lavender stripes. Guaranteed fast colors, rich looking, wear better than silk. Cut extra full, coat front style, soft French turn-back cuffs.

**We Guarantee** to refund your money immediately if you can match these shirts for less than \$3.59. Don't pay high retail prices. Order yours today sure, before it is too late. Delivery charges paid—another big saving. Send no money, all three shirts \$3.59 C. O. D. Give neck size.

**Bernard H. Hewitt & Co.**  
Dept. E-265 900 W. Van Buren St., Chicago

## 12 Months to Pay

Enjoy your 1921 "Ranger" at once. Earn money for the small monthly payments on Our Easy Payment Plan. Parents often advance first small payment to help their boys along. **FACTORY TO RIDER** wholesale prices. Three big model factories. 44 Styles, colors and sizes in our famous Ranger line. **DELIVERED FREE**, express prepaid. **FOR 30 DAYS TRIAL**. Select bicycle and terms that suit—cash or easy payments.

**Tires**—tubes, horns, wheels, parts and equipment, at half retail prices. **SEND NO MONEY**—Simply write today for big FREE Ranger Catalog and marvelous prices and terms. **Mead Cycle Company** Special Offer to Inventors  
Dept. B-174 Chicago Order Agents



## INVENTORS.

Who desire to secure patents should write for our guide book, "HOW TO GET YOUR PATENT." Send model or sketch and description and we will give our opinion of its patentable nature.

**RANDOLPH & CO., 789 "F," Washington, D. C.**

## "If You're Coming to Europe, Don't Bring Gold!"

*Concluded from page 542*

rid of it. It was raw iron and he had no difficulty in finding a purchaser at a cash price.

After the goods had been delivered the buyer telephoned to the American.

"You'll have to send some men up to my office to get your money," said the buyer. "I've just had it brought over from the bank."

"Oh, I'll send up one good man with a revolver," said the American.

"Oh, not a revolver!" said the Austrian. "A wagon would be better." And then he explained that two strong men would be needed to carry the money.

"The two husky fellows I sent over came back with two big sacks full of money," the American said afterward. "It took six of us two days to count it."

During the sale of this property this American kept four persons on his staff as counters.

"Buyers would come in and lay a stack of bills eight inches or a foot high on my desk, to pay for something they wanted. Their idea was to show me they had the money in cash. If I sold I would order my counters to go over the bills and see that they were good and that there was enough of 'em. It used to take half a day and more just to look over the money."

"The Austrian government had to put a special stamp on all its money to make it different from the Czecho-Slovak and Jugo-Slovak money in those days and every one of these bills had to be scanned by my counters for that stamp. It was some job! And even then some counterfeits would crawl into a big stack of bills now and then."

**COUNTERFEIT** and false money, of course, is fairly abundant in the paper money countries. American crooks who brought Confederate bills to Germany and passed thousands of them on hotel keepers and merchants were perhaps the most spectacular and conscienceless cheaters that European tradesmen have yet encountered, but counterfeiters have more endurance than these fly-by-night Americans and are constantly on the job.

These counterfeiters find it more profitable and much safer to counterfeit foreign money than the money of their own land. Numerous British one-pound bills, clumsily made, find their way into trade along the borders of Russia.

Newcomers to Warsaw are treated to a neat little joke, when they begin to worry about spurious British money.

"How do I know this bill is all right?" a newcoming American asked an old-timer in Warsaw.

"See the House of Parliament on that bill?" said the old-timer.

"Yep," said the American.

"Gimme your stick pin."

The newcomer pulled the pin from his tie, wonderingly.

"Now you sit down at this table with that bill and you stick that pin in every window in the House of Parliament, and keep count of 'em. If there are 349 windows the bill is all right."

Czar rubles still appear, at times, in Poland and in the small countries on the edge of Russia and have a certain value over what are known as the Kerensky rubles.

The ten-ruble Czar note has a remarkable peculiarity. If it is folded in four pleats, lengthwise, and the edges of the pleats are brought together, the central decoration appears to be one actual-size, tin-topped champagne cork. Ten rubles used to be the price of a bottle of good French champagne in the old days in Russia and the story goes that the artist who devised the bill had this fact in mind when he made the etching.

The test of genuine ten-ruble notes these days, therefore, is to properly pleat these bills and look for the champagne cork. If it is there, lifelike and distinct, the possessor is satisfied. Needless to say incidentally that the doubting person is seeking a counterfeit made in the time of the Czar. Years have passed in Russia since a ten-ruble note was worth faking.

**IT** is a rare thing to get bills of high denomination in European countries. No matter how low-priced the money of a country may be, you will stand at a bank window and yell in vain for big bills. Big bills are not for the general public. The masses must get along as best they can with the small denominations.

All of the countries in Europe, where paper money holds sway, issue small bills. The smaller the denomination of the bills the poorer is the quality of the paper. Hundreds of thousands of dollars wear away into nothing in Europe these days. French francs, worth, at this writing, eight cents, and German marks, worth less than two cents, become so tattered and torn and utterly unusable that some person at last, finds himself unable to pass the money. It is against the law in all European countries for a citizen to refuse to accept the paper money, but when a bill becomes so torn or filthy that it is almost unrecognizable and that one more handling is likely to put it out of the running as money, then a citizen may say, "Take that to the bank and redeem it. Nothing doing with me."

**THE** ladder of money values in Europe has many rounds. From the top round the American, at the time I write this, looks down on all the rest. Poland is at the very bottom. Polish marks are selling at a rate equivalent to 800 for one dollar. The Austrian marks, most despised of all money but the Polish, are selling at the rate of 600 for a dollar, Hungarian kronen at 500. The Czech at this writing has to give only 80 of his kronen for an American dollar, while in Roumania the lei is quoted at 70. The German mark, at the time this is written, is worth less than two cents, but these bottom-of-the-ladder nations in Central Europe consider the mark the standard of value.

The next country on the upward climb is little Finland. Her mark, in peace times, has the same par value as the French franc and the Italian lira. It requires, at this writing, 30 Finmarks to purchase an American dollar; 27 lire is what the Italian pays.

France comes next, among the important countries, with her franc which has ranged in value from five to eight cents, instead of twenty, and then England, which has money rated next to ours.

# The White Rocket

(Continued from page 546)

him. Half an hour later his companion reappeared.

"It's all right," said Chouteau, who seemed thoroughly contented. "See what he gave me."

He showed some gold pieces and added: "There will be as much more when the work is over."

"What work?"

"I'll tell you. We are going to cross the marsh—we two, at midnight. Since you belong here, you know the way, don't you?"

"Yes," said Père Jean, "certainly I do. I was born here. The house beside the shed, at the right there, was my father's in the old days. In the paving in the court there is still the hollow in which I used to play marbles when I was a little boy. I have just been there to see—"

"Good," said Chouteau. "So we will cross the marsh, as I told you, and come to the village where the French are. Then we will light a fuse. Here it is (he showed it to his companion). The officer gave it to me. Then our artillery will know where to fire. They will await the signal."

There was a silence.

"Our artillery?" repeated Père Jean in a choked voice. "Then you are a Boche?"

"Why, yes," said Chouteau, "if you want to put it that way. I was born in Germany. I got my French papers from a man who died beside me in a ditch, fifteen years ago. And I had already been many years in France. But all that doesn't matter. You said yourself: 'The war doesn't concern us.' We haven't any country, we two. We know that. But when there is something to be made! He gave me two hundred francs and there will be another two hundred when we get back. Those who can pay—we do what they want done, don't we?"

He was delighted. The other made no answer.

Contrary to his habitude, Chouteau became loquacious.

"Say, I bought a bottle of brandy from the commissary. For the little it cost we might as well have it."

He took a big swallow and handed the bottle to Père Jean, who also took a drink from it. They were seated on the ground beside the shed. The German soldiers were installing themselves in the deserted houses.

"When do we start?" Père Jean suddenly asked.

"At midnight," Chouteau replied, between two gulps of cognac. "As I told you, you will pilot me across the marsh. Then we will steal up to the village where the French are. We'll set off the rocket and come back as fast as we can. Then the artillery, you understand . . . ?"

"Yes," said Père Jean, "I understand."

He seemed lost in thought. The other took an additional drink and fell asleep. Time passed.

Toward midnight Père Jean shook Chouteau's shoulder.

"Have you the rocket? It's time to go."

Chouteau woke up.

"You're right. Here it is. Say, isn't it?"

(Concluded on page 569)

## IVER JOHNSON

### SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER



**Imagine your child in danger**

Picture this ruffian in your yard. Could your wife protect the little ones, and herself?

Keep an Iver Johnson Revolver in your home. No danger of accidents. Jolts, jars, thumps, or bumps cannot discharge it. You can even "Hammer the Hammer."

Piano-wire heat-treated springs keep this revolver ready for instant use. Quick, sure, accurate.

All calibres. Hammer and hammerless models. Regular, Perfect Rubber, and Western Walnut grips. If your dealer hasn't in stock the particular model you want, write us.

Three interesting booklets full of information FREE. Write today for the one that interests you.

"A"—Firearms  
"B"—Bicycles  
"C"—Motorcycles

1871-1921  
FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

**IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS**  
293 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.  
99 Chambers Street, New York 717 Market Street, San Francisco



**Iver Johnson Champion**  
Single and Double Barrel Shotguns combine accuracy and dependability, and are moderately priced.



**Iver Johnson Truss-Bridge Bicycles** are world-famed for easy riding, strength, and durability. Models and prices to suit everyone.

### FREE BOOK Learn Piano!

**This Interesting Free Book** shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ in your own home, at one-quarter usual cost. Dr. Quinn's famous Written Method is endorsed by leading musicians and heads of State Conservatories. Successful 25 years. Play chords at once and complete pieces in every key, with 4 lessons. Scientific yet easy to understand. Fully illustrated. For beginners or teachers, old or young. All music free. Diploma granted. Write today for 64-page free book. "How to Learn Piano or Organ."

M. L. QUINN CONSERVATORY, Studio 1W-25, 598 Columbia Rd., Boston 25, Mass.

### "A Smart Hotel for Smart People"

Metropolitan in every respect, yet homey in its atmosphere

## HOTEL WOLCOTT

Very desirable for women traveling alone

Thirty-First St., by Fifth Ave. New York

### FREE TRIAL



Cut out this ad and mail it to us, with your name and address (no money); and we will send you our FAMOUS KAMAK RAZOR by return mail, postpaid. You may use the razor for 30 days FREE; then if you like it, pay us \$1.95. If you don't like it return it. SEND NO MONEY.

**MORE COMPANY, Dept. 340, St. Louis, Mo.**

### Shave, Bathe and Shampoo with one Soap.—Cuticura

Cuticura Soap is the favorite for safety razor shaving.

## MULTI-CORD TIRES

**Built for 6000 Miles Service—Standard adjustment to govern**

Our dependable process of reconstruction doubles the life of the tire and represents a saving, which you cannot afford to miss.

**A New Standard Tube Free With Each Tire Ordered**

28x3 .. \$ 5.80	31x4 ... \$10.10	37x4 ... \$14.50
30x3 .. 6.80	32x4 ... 10.45	37x4 1/2 .. \$14.60
30x3 1/2 .. 7.90	33x4 ... 10.90	35x5 .. 14.35
31x3 1/2 .. 8.35	34x4 ... 11.25	36x5 .. 14.65
32x3 1/2 .. 8.85	35x4 ... 12.00	37x5 .. 14.80
34x3 1/2 .. 11.50	36x4 ... 13.75	36x4 1/2 .. 14.00

Orders shipped same day received. Send \$2.00 deposit with each tire ordered, balance C. O. D. Three shipped subject to your examination. State whether 88 or CL, plain or Non-Skid is desired. All same price. By sending full amount with the order you can save 5 per cent—our special cash with order discount.

**RACINE TIRE SALES CO., Dept. 1025, 2108 South Racine Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

### FILM FUN

The magazine that puts you on speaking terms with your favorite star.

20c a copy For Sale at all Newsstands \$2.00 a year

(Advertising Rates on Application) Leslie-Judge Co., 225 Fifth Ave., New York City



## Here's Another Contented Investor—



G. L. Miller & Company,  
Hurt Building,  
Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

Your letter of April 1st affords me an opportunity of expressing my appreciation of the very substantial manner in which you have handled my investments in your Company and those of my husband for the past seven years. The services which you have rendered have at all times been courteous, prompt, and eminently satisfactory in every way.

Mrs. James Hazelhurst.  
Washington, D. C.

**INVEST IN 7% MILLER MORTGAGE BONDS**  
These bonds meet every standard of safe, profitable investment. Every bond is secured by non-speculative fire-proof property conservatively worth substantially in excess, often more than twice the amount of bonds issued.

An interesting booklet—"Creating Good Investments," explains the many excellent features of 7% Miller Bonds. Write today for a copy.

**\$100 Bonds, \$500 Bonds, \$1,000 Bonds**  
7% Interest paid twice yearly  
Maturities, 2 to 15 years  
Partial payment accounts

**G. L. MILLER & CO.**  
INCORPORATED  
HURT BUILDING ATLANTA, GA.  
"First—The Investor's Welfare"

## Buy Bonds on Partial Payments

DO YOU know you can invest sums of \$10 and up?

Our partial payment plan allows you 6% on each payment, and 7% on the entire sum after bond is paid for.

### INVESTORS BONDS

are first mortgages on high grade city property and are the same investments in which funds of the Madison & Kedzie State Bank, with which we are affiliated, are also placed. They are safe, unquestionably so.

Learn more about this plan.  
Ask for Booklet No. I-123.

## The INVESTORS COMPANY

MADISON & KEDZIE STATE BANK  
CHICAGO  
Inter-Southern Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

## "Securities Suggestions"

A semi-monthly publication in which important financial topics are discussed, issued in the interest of the large and small investor and trader.

Copy with booklet descriptive of the  
**Part Payment Plan**  
of systematic investing will be sent Free on request.

Ask for "U-1"

**R. C. MEGARGEL & Co.**

27 Pine Street-New York

## THE STOCK MARKET

offers splendid opportunities with Puts and Calls. Handsome profits made out of them the past 18 months, in U. S. Steel, Baldwin and many other stocks. Write for booklet L, which explains how Puts and Calls operate.

**WILLIAM H. HERBST**

20 Broad Street New York City



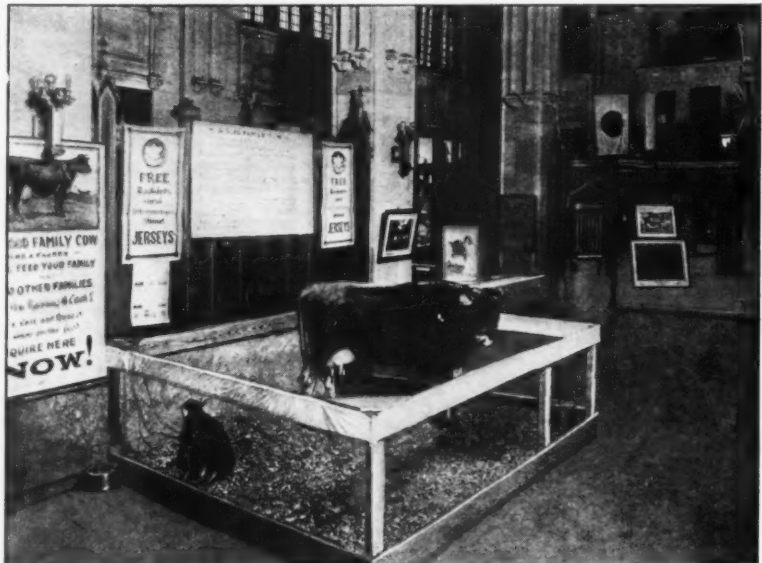
## LESLIE'S INVESTMENT BUREAU

Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY are entitled to answers to inquiries on financial questions, and in emergencies to answers by telegraph. No charge is made for this service. All communications are treated confidentially. A two-cent postage stamp should always be inclosed. Address all inquiries to the Financial Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, giving full name and exact street address. Anonymous communications will not be answered.

**T**HE action of the United States Steel Corporation in reducing the wages of its employees 20 per cent. will naturally have a widely extended effect. It is an important progress-mark on the highway of reconstruction. The great organization's workers number at present about 150,000, and if the result of the reduction went no further, it would materially concern a considerable percentage of the community. It directly affects probably a million persons dependent on the industry for subsistence, and tens of thousands of owners of securities of the corporation who look to it for returns on their investments. The cut in pay signifies a saving for the corporation of perhaps \$50,000,000 a year, assuring to stockholders the full rate of dividends that might otherwise be lowered, and, though at the time not pleasant to either employer or employed, it will eventually prove to have been a boon to the toilers themselves.

For at the previous cost of labor the

expense of production was too heavy to permit the equalizing of prices of steel products with those of other commodities. Because of the continued high quotations for steel in its various forms orders were falling off and business was growing duller. The policy of inflated wage payment, if persisted in, threatened to bring disaster—the shortening of hours, closing of plants, discharge of workers. The economy effected through wage reduction should enable the making of prices of steel products more attractive to purchasers and so cause a quickening of business. This should keep the plants open and busy. By sacrificing a part of their war-time remuneration, the men are likely to have steadier employment and to earn more in the end. As a matter of fact, the new wage rates are liberal, considering that H. C. L. is gradually decreasing. The cut is small compared with the tremendous increases in wages during the past few years. The attitude of the workmen in the steel town of Gary, Ind., was



H. Z. ZIMMERMAN

A bull in a china-shop is, of course, disastrous; but Edward Crow of the Commercial National Bank, of Raleigh, N. C., has proved that a cow in a bank can be made a highly profitable investment, both for the bank and for the bank's patrons. "How much cheaper it would be," Mr. Crow figured, "if the folks hereabouts who have barns and back lots would just buy a good family cow, and not have to depend on the markets for their milk, butter and cheese." Finally he bought Lady Ursine and her baby, and installed them near the cashier's cage in the lobby. Then the event was rigorously advertised. What a good average cow will produce in the way of dairy stuff, figures on cost and maintenance, and an offer to lend 75 per cent. of the purchase price to any man, woman, or child who wanted to invest in a cow, were published broadcast in the county. [The result was that 3,500 very much interested persons attended Bossy's reception, and orders for no less than forty family cows on the bank's loan plan were taken.

## The Easiest Way to Gain a Fortune

THE regular, persistent investment of small sums is, after all, not only the most certain, but the easiest way to gain an income-paying fortune.

Our new booklet, "Thrift—With a Smile," tells how. Free on request.



An example of present day investment opportunities is found in the 6% Gold Notes of Standard Gas & Electric Company, available at a price to yield an average annual return of 9%.

Ask for Circular L-16

**H.M. Byllesby & Co.**  
Incorporated

CHICAGO 208 S. La Salle St.  
NEW YORK 111 Broadway  
Boston—Providence—New Haven—Detroit  
Minneapolis—Madison, Wis.—Oklahoma City

Amer. Hide & L'ther  
Montgomery Ward  
Keystone Tire  
Goodrich Tire  
Kelly-Sp'field Tire  
Willys-Overland

### "The Turning Point"

A careful analysis of business conditions indicates that security prices are about to return to a normal condition.

Send for our bulletin

**SPENCER & CO.**  
MEMBERS  
CONSOLIDATED STOCK EXCHANGE OF N.Y.  
STOCKS & BONDS

50 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK

Telephone Broad 5391

**Scott & Stump**

Investment Securities

Stock Exchange Bldg. 40 Exchange Place  
Philadelphia New York

## THE BACHE REVIEW

Clear, condensed information weekly, on situation in business and financial world. Valuable to investors and business men.

Free on Application

J. S. BACHE & CO.

Members New York Stock Exchange

42 Broadway New York

Under this Heading

"Free Booklets for Investors"

on page 568 you will find a descriptive list of booklets and circulars of information which will be of great value in arranging your investments to produce maximum yield with safety.

probably typical. They were pleased at the promise of a six-day week at \$4.80 per day instead of a two-day week at \$6 per day. A similar disposition might well be manifested everywhere else.

But far beyond the jurisdiction of the United States Steel Corporation will be felt the influence of the step it has taken. Its working forces are not unionized and are not, therefore, leadable into a huge strike which could end only in their utter defeat. The example of their assent to the necessity imposed by economic conditions will tend to calm the spirit of discontent and revolt on the part of workers in other enterprises who must undergo a like pruning of pay. Even the overpaid employees of the railroads will be duly impressed by it. General acceptance of the inevitable will be hastened by the attitude of the steel workers, and so industrial strife on a broad scale will be less probable. This will conduce to the peace of society and the more rapid restoring of good times for all.

Further, so positive a readjustment made in a colossal basic industry which ramifies into hosts of different lines of business will give the latter the benefit of cheaper materials at stabilized figures and may induce them to launch into larger activity. The impulse of new enterprise may thus spread all over the land, and if only the railroad difficulties can be satisfactorily settled the outlook for the country will be bright indeed. Many years ago deflation of iron and steel prices ushered in a period of extraordinary prosperity. Old-time observers expect this phase of history to repeat itself in 1921.

At any rate, evidences multiply that the country is on its way back to a stable basis. The behavior of the stock market, that marvelous discounter of the coming business situation, is convincing. In spite of numerous fluctuations there is an upward tendency in securities, due to a sense of impending economic and financial improvement. Quotations in general bid fair to be materially higher next fall than they are today. He who buys meritorious issues now may put profit in his purse a few months hence.

S., SANTA ROSA, CALIF.: Sharon Steel Hoop Co. 1st mortgage 8's are regarded as a good business man's investment.

F., WOODLAND, WASH.: The Brazilian-Government's external loan 5 per cent. bonds are undoubtedly safe and an attractive investment.

H., LAKEWOOD, OHIO: The White Motor Company is one of the better-class concerns in its line. It is paying a dividend of \$4, a liberal return on market price.

R., CAMBRIDGE, ILL.: The Illinois Oil Co. has been a liberal payer of dividends, regular and extra, since 1914. The stock looks reasonably safe.

B., LAKE CITY, MINN.: The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company's new first mortgage 40-year 8 per cent. sinking fund gold bonds are a desirable business man's investment.

P., EARLVILLE, N. Y.: American Tel. & Tel. and U. S. Rubber common are both excellent business men's purchases. Their dividends are said by the officials to be secure.

M., FALL RIVER, MASS.: The Discount Corporation of New York is backed by eleven leading banks, and its business is large. The stock should be a reasonably safe purchase.

L., CALEDONIA, MINN.: Republic of Chile 8 per cent. bonds are undoubtedly safe, the credit of the country being high. This issue seems fully as reliable as those of Norway and Denmark.

X., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.: American Writing Paper 1st 7's, Cuba Cane Sugar deb. 7's, Sinclair Oil 7½'s, and U. S. Rubber 7½'s, are among the attractive and well-rated short-term bonds.

B., NEW ARDEN, ILL.: The Empire District Electric Co. is a subsidiary of the Cities Service Co., one of the strongest public utility and oil-producing corporations. Its 8½% bonds appear safe.

G., CRESCENT CITY, FLA.: The Puget Sound Power & Light Co. 7½'s bonds are well regarded. You can safely exchange the old for the new issue. The company is apparently prosperous.

M., PROVIDENCE, R. I.: Solvay & Cie's 8 per cent. bonds come in denominations of \$100, \$500 and \$1,000.

## The Secret of Business Leadership

THE principles of leadership in business are not many in number. They are not hard to grasp. Yet, less than two men in one hundred ever learn them.

The two chief reasons for this failure are: 1. Lack of rounded business experience. 2. The difficulty of drawing sound conclusions from the relatively few experiences that any one person can have. The successful business men of today are those who have—1. A fundamental knowledge of business principles. 2. A faculty for the practical application of these principles to daily business life. These tried and proven principles, this gift for application, may now be yours.

## Babson Institute

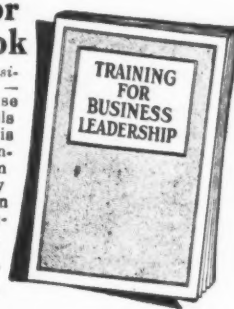
Through years of business research, laboratory work, and study of the lives of successful men, specialists of the BABSON INSTITUTE have gathered and put into clear, understandable form the fundamental business information that every man must have to achieve leadership in business. This information heretofore has been revealed only in the class rooms of the Babson Institute Resident School where tuition is \$2,000 a year exclusive of living expenses.

NOW, however—through the development of the EXTENSION DIVISION of the Babson Institute this training is available at a fraction of the cost of the resident school tuition.

Would you lead? Then send TODAY for full particulars about these remarkable courses. Never were there greater opportunities for leaders! Never leaders more urgently needed!

## Send For Our Book

"Training for Business Leadership"—describes these courses and tells how leadership is achieved. It contains information of extraordinary interest to all men ambitious for success. Send for it. It's FREE. No obligation. Tear out and mail the coupon NOW!



Extension Division, Dept. 2395

**Babson Institute**

Wellesley Hills, 82, Boston, Mass.

Extension Division, Dept. 2395

**Babson Institute**

Wellesley Hills, 82, Boston, Mass.

Please send me free, your Booklet, "Training for Business Leadership."

Name.....

Address.....

Business Address.....

## What is Behind the Activity in the Coppers?

It is of particular interest just at this time to know just what copper companies are in the strongest physical position. That knowledge will serve as a basis for deciding which of the copper stocks are most attractive.

We have given considerable attention to the copper stocks recently and have prepared a special circular, copies of which will be sent gratis.

Ask for Circular LW-52.

**CHARLES H. CLARKSON & Co.**  
66 BROADWAY, NEW YORK  
TELEPHONES: RECTOR 4-663-4

## THE MERCHANT in the STOCK MARKET

The common sense methods followed by the successful merchant can be adapted readily to the business of dealing in securities. Send for an instructive FOLDER showing advantages of stock market operations over many other commercial activities.

Send FREE on request for D-14.

**SEXSMITH & CO.**  
Investment Securities  
107 Liberty Street, New York

## Stock Options

Investigate the advantages and money making possibilities of this valuable method of stock trading. No margin is required and the risk is limited to their first cost. Contracts sold covering any amount of stock.

Describe circular L on request.

**S. H. WILCOX & CO.**  
PUTS AND CALLS  
Guaranteed by Members of the New York Stock Exchange.

233 Broadway New York  
Tel. Barclay 5216

**8%**

## MONTANA First Mortgage FARM LOANS

Amounts from \$1000.00 to \$3500.00 secured by farms valued from three to five times amount of loan. Write for list of loans and details for buying.

**FIRST NATIONAL BANK**  
Plentywood, Montana

**MOTORS 1/4 HP**  
ALL SIZES MOTORS AND GENERATORS UP TO 5 H. P.  
In Stock at All Times  
Largest exclusive Mail Order Small Motor dealers in the world. Write for bargain catalog.  
CHAS. H. JOHNSTON, BOX 24, WEST END PITTSBURGH, PA.

## TEACHERS—PARENTS—INVESTORS

Send for sample copy of "Visual Education" and booklet on "School Films," and the profits in Educational Films, etc. Salesmen—We need good men. Write for our unusual sales plan. Average commission per sale \$100.

**SOCIETY FOR VISUAL EDUCATION, Inc.**  
1225 Webster Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

The company is the Belgian subsidiary of a strong and prosperous corporation in this country. The bonds are highly regarded and may be bought with confidence.

T. T. GABAGAN, L.A.: You can safely put \$1,000 into U. S. Rubber 8 per cent. preferred. The company's outlook is bright. If you would prefer a good bond, you might consider, among others, U. S. Rubber 1st and ref. 5's, Government of Norway 8's, and N. Y. Central deb. 6's.

New York, May 21, 1921

## Free Booklets for Investors

Scott & Stump, Stock Exchange Bldg., Philadelphia, and 40 Exchange Place, New York, invite communications with regard to investment in sound securities on the partial-payment plan.

Puts and calls guaranteed by members of the New York Stock Exchange are dealt in by S. H. Wilcox & Co., 233 Broadway, New York, from whom descriptive circular L can be obtained on request.

J. S. Bache & Co., members N. Y. Stock Exchange, 42 Broadway, New York, will send on application a copy of the Bache Review, an authoritative financial weekly, much valued by investors and business men.

First-mortgage loans, ranging from \$1,000 to \$3,500, bearing 8 per cent. and secured on valuable Montana farms, are being distributed by the First National Bank, Plentywood, Mont., which welcomes correspondence.

Much more than savings bank returns can be secured by investing money in the 7 per cent. Miami mortgages offered by G. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Co., Miami, Fla. Apply to the company for its references and booklet B.11.

The well-known firm of R. C. Megargel & Co., 27 Pine Street, New York, will mail to any address a copy of "Securities Suggestions," a semi-monthly publication discussing important financial topics, and also a booklet describing a part-payment plan of systematic investment. Ask for L-1.

Any investor who will write to Dunham & Co., dealers in investment securities, 43 Exchange Place, New York, can obtain an interesting financial booklet which will be worth his attention. The firm has issued a number of helpful publications which have been widely appreciated by their readers.

Those who set out to build up an income will find it to their advantage to consult experienced dealers in securities. Charles H. Clarkson & Co., 66 Broadway, New York, are prepared to submit plans showing a sound foundation for the investment of money, and their department LW-51 will send to any interested investor a copy of the firm's valuable booklet, "Thrift-Saving-Investment."

One needs only \$10 to begin the process of becoming the owner of an Investors Bond, paying 7 per cent. and well secured by income-producing property. The purchaser receives 6 per cent interest on the instalments until the bond is fully paid for, when he gets 7 per cent. Investors Bonds are offered by a responsible house affiliated with one of Chicago's leading banks. To get full particulars write for booklet No. L-123 to Investors Company, Madison & Kedzie State Bank, Chicago, or Inter-Southern Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

## A Forcing-Bed for Good Plays

(Concluded from page 552)

There is no more fitting evidence of the invigorating results of the Guild's methods than in the production of "Heartbreak House," by Shaw, where a brilliant cast was assembled—invited "guests"—including Effie Shannon, Elisabeth Risdon and Lucille Watson; in Milne's "Mr. Pim Passes By," which afforded Laura Hope Crews the opportunity to demonstrate again the fact that she is one of our leading comedienues; and, finally, in Molnar's "Liliom."

I do not go into the details of these pieces because, fortunately, such dramas as the Guild presents immediately find their way into print; they can be read, as can also the Provincetown Players' repertory. You can get "Liliom"—the story of a "bum" and how he finds his way to the Municipal Court outside of heaven; you can read "Heartbreak House," which is Shaw's interpretation of the spiritual matrix of Great Britain. The thing you can't do is to see the way the Guild does each play. And you won't be able to until you help to establish the same sort of thing which is now New York's pride.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 8th, 1913, at the Post-Office at New York City, N. Y., under act of March 3, 1879. \$7 a year, 15c a copy, 20c in Canada. Published weekly and copyrighted 1921 by the Leslie-Judge Co., Thos. B. Judge, Receiver; William Green, Pres.; Douglas H. Cooke, Vice-Pres.; E. J. McDonnell, Treas.; W. D. Green, Secretary; 225 Fifth Ave., New York.

## What is the Real Outlook for the Copper Industry?

*What is going to be done with the present big surplus of copper metal?*

*What is the prospect of an increasing demand for copper from Europe, and when is it likely to begin?*

*Is this the time to purchase good copper stocks?*

These questions, together with a review of the entire copper situation, are covered in detail in a specially prepared circular we have for free distribution.

Ask for LW-56

## E. M. Fuller & Co.

Members of Consolidated Stock Exchange of N. Y.  
50 Broad St. New York  
Chicago Cleveland Pittsburgh  
Newark Boston  
(Direct Private Wires)

## Facial Blemishes

Pimples, Blackheads, Acne or other unsightly eruptions on face or body quickly banished by this new treatment. Don't have enlarged pores oily or shiny skin. You can have a clear, soft, healthy, colorful skin by using

## Clear-Tone

a wonderful soothing, healing, antiseptic lotion. Clears the skin quickly. Equally beneficial for women, children and men. Excellent after-shaving lotion. Sold on \$1,000 MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.

FREE Send today for Free booklet "A CLEAR-TONE SKIN," which contains valuable beauty information. THE CLEAR-TONE COMPANY  
621 Clear-Tone Bldg. Kansas City Mo.

## STAMMER

If you stammer attend no stammering school until you get my large FREE book entitled "STAMMERING, Its Origin and The Advanced Natural Method of Cure," bound in cloth and stamped in pure gold. Ask for special tuition rate and a FREE copy of "The Natural Speech Magazine." Largest, best equipped and most successful school in the world for the cure of stammering. No sing-song or time-beat. School open all year. Vacation season best time to enroll. Lee Wells Millard, President. The North-Western School, 2305 Grand Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

## FIBRE LEGS ARMS

LIGHT WEIGHT—MORE COMFORT, STRENGTH, WEAR Orthopedic Braces for all deformities. Send for Booklet Ray Trautman, 647 Dean Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

**PATENTS.** WRITE for illustrated guide book and "EVIDENCE OF CONCEPTION BLANK." Send model or sketch and description of invention for our free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms. VICTOR J. EVANS & Co. 813 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

A SUCCESSFUL CHICAGO LAWYER will give private instructions in law, by mail, to help you in your business or profession. Wonderful spare time opportunity, small cost, no books required. Send stamp for particulars. Address A. C. 4028 N. Parkside Ave., Chicago, Ill.



Genuine Imported \$5.00 Toyo **\$2.79**  
**PANAMA HAT**

Delivered  
**FREE**

Pay Only  
**\$2.79** on  
Arrival



**THIS  
SEASON'S  
LATEST  
MODEL**

Becoming to  
Young or Old

Write quick for this  
amazing bargain.  
Only limited lot at  
this profit-amazing  
low price. Guaranteed  
value for only \$2.79.

**SEND NO MONEY**

Just mail post-card or letter today for this handsome  
Toyo Panama Hat. Beautiful drop crown style; flexible  
non-breakable brim; made of the finest super-Tex; fine  
tough fibre, tightly woven. Looks and wears like a reg-  
ular \$12.00 hat. Heavy black grosgrain silk ribbon band,  
non-soilable sweat band, tremendous bargain. Send no  
money, pay only \$2.79 on arrival. We pay delivery  
charges, another big saving.

**We Guarantee** to refund your money if you  
can match this wonderful  
hat for less than \$5.00. Save money by writing today  
sure before this astounding offer is withdrawn. Just  
give your name, address and size.

**BERNARD, HEWITT & CO.**  
Dept. A265 900 W. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

**CIDER and GRAPE  
JUICE**

Made at home right in your own kitchen  
The Mount Gilead Kitchen Press is designed for family  
use in the making of pure, sweet cider, grape juice,  
other fruit juices and jellies. The Grinder of  
this press can easily be operated by hand. A  
powerful machine—two ton pressure, securing  
large yield of juices for family requirements.

**Make Your Own Juices**  
And have them free from all impurities.  
Just a few minutes work, and you can  
serve refreshing drinks. This same  
press is easily adapted for many  
other purposes in the home kitchen  
and with complete attachments  
can be used in pressing hard cracklings, as a  
sausage stuffing machine, successfully used as a  
food chopper, meat grinder in the making of  
mince meat, meat loaf, hamburger steak, sausage, etc.  
As manufacturers of Cider Presses our line includes all sizes of  
Hand Presses, Orchard Presses and Presses for commercial pur-  
poses and can meet the requirements of the smallest up to the  
largest buyer. Write for Catalog.

**THE HYDRAULIC PRESS MFG. CO.**  
552 Lincoln Ave. Mount Gilead, Ohio



**SEND NO MONEY**  
**If You Can Tell it from a  
GENUINE DIAMOND Send it back**

To prove our blue-white MEXICAN DIAMOND closely  
resembles a genuine diamond with same DAZZLING RAIN-  
BOW FIRE, we will send a selected 1 carat gem in Ladies  
Solitaire Ring (Cat. price \$4.95) for Half Price to Intro-  
duce, \$2.63, or in Gents Heavy Tooth Belcher Ring (Cat.  
price \$6.26) for \$3.25. Our finest 12k Gold Filled mount-  
ings. GUARANTEED 20 YEARS. **SEND NO MONEY.** Just  
mail postcard or this ad. State size. We will mail at once C.  
O. D. If not pleased return in 2 days for money back less  
handling charges. Write for Free Catalog. Agents wanted.  
**MEXICAN DIAMOND IMPORTING CO. Dept. 1W2, Las Cruces, N. Mex.**  
(Exclusive controllers Mexican Diamonds)

**You can be quickly cured, if you  
STAMMER**

Send to cents for 288-page book on Stammering  
and Stuttering, "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how  
I cured myself after stammering for 20 years  
**B. N. Bogus, 4222 Bogus Bldg., 147 N. Ill. St., Indianapolis**

**SALESMEN:**

Make extra money easily. Sell our Accident  
and Sickness policies in your spare time. \$5000  
death. \$25 weekly benefit for \$10 yearly. Address  
**UNDERWRITERS**  
Dept. H-35, Newark, N. J.

**The White Rocket**

Concluded from page 565

there any danger of our getting lost in the  
marsh?"

"There isn't any danger at all," Père  
Jean replied. He straightened up and  
mumbled some words between his teeth,  
as if he were answering arguments he was  
making to himself.

"And then afterwards? It will not be  
any loss to anybody. Not even to me.  
It's worth the risk. No one will know  
what I have done, but I shall have done  
it, all the same."

"What are you saying?" Chouteau  
broke in. "Are you drunk? Come on!"

He finished the brandy, and added  
gleefully:

"Two hundred francs the colonel has  
given me already, and as much more when  
we return."

"So the white rocket is the signal for  
the Germans to bombard?" Père Jean  
asked again. "Are you sure?"

"Yes, there's no mistake about it," de-  
clared Chouteau, who had got up, stag-  
gering a little, with the rocket in his hand.

"Let me see it," said Père Jean.

He took the fuse and stepped off a little  
distance into the shadow.

Suddenly a match flickered in his  
fingers.

A white flame shot up towards the  
zenith, making a livid path through the  
smoky night.

Chouteau sprang at the old man.

"You are mad! It wasn't to be set off  
now! They'll bombard us here."

"Certainly they will," hissed Père  
Jean as he struggled with the other. "I  
am not a Boche, am I?"

In the shadow the two old comrades  
fought ferociously with all their feeble  
forces.

The first German shell came in answer  
to the signal. It fell on the Mayor's  
office, where the German officers were  
quartered, demolishing it from roof to  
foundation stone, and leaving nothing  
alive. The second shell failed to ex-  
plode. The third burst in the midst of  
a group of soldiers who had rushed out  
into the street. The fourth, striking the  
house in whose court was the hollow in  
which Père Jean had played marbles  
when he was a little boy, tore to pieces  
the two old men, still fighting, and  
scattered the fragments of their bodies  
to the four corners of the lowering sky.

**June Song**

By EDWARD W. BARNARD

*JUNE and roses, ev'ry petal  
Bathed in sunshine and exhaling  
Scents to put the strong on mettle.  
Spiced elixirs for the ailing.  
No time for prosaic things,  
Yet how we would miss our noses  
When the summer solstice brings  
June—and roses!*

*June and roses, crimson, yellow,  
Pink and miracles of whiteness,  
Each more lovely than its fellow,  
Each a sweeter sphere of brightness.  
Walls are builded all for naught  
When my garden's book uncloses  
And the year at prime has brought  
June and roses.*



**"All Right, Then—  
I'll Go To Hell!"**

"It was awful thoughts and awful words, but  
they were said and I let them stay said."

It had felt good to be all washed clean of sin  
and to be able to pray—but Huck couldn't tell  
on Old Jim no matter how sure it would make  
him of going to Heaven.

So he tore up the note and swore he would  
never reform again. He would steal Jim out of  
slavery, he would—and if he could think up  
anything worse, he'd do that too. As long as  
he was going to hell anyway, he might as well  
make it worth while. Who ever knew the  
heart of a boy as does

**MARK TWAIN**

**12 Vols. At Low Price  
FREE—Rex Beach  
5 Volumes**

Rex Beach is the most popular writer of thrill-  
ing stories living today. He is the man who  
knows, as no other, the big out-  
doors, that is the Klondike.

Plenty of humor—plenty of  
scrapping—big, raw-boned men  
who can whip their weight in wild-  
cats—the women these men fight  
for and die for—all these you will  
find in Rex Beach's vivid, hu-  
man novels.

**Only a Few Sets  
FREE**

Rex Beach now costs you \$2.00  
for each volume in the book store.  
But we have made a small special  
edition and so as long as this small  
special edition lasts you can have  
5 volumes—about \$10 worth of  
books—**absolutely free.**

Rex Beach has sacrificed much  
of his royalty so that we can do  
this on one edition.

If you are prompt you can get  
your set free. If you are too late  
we will return the coupon—but  
don't wait.

Send the coupon for both sets  
for examination. Send no money  
—just the coupon. Send it at once.

**HARPER & BROTHERS**  
Est. 1817 New York

**HARPER & BROTHERS, 36 Franklin Square, NEW YORK**

Send me, all charges prepaid a set of Mark Twain  
in 12 volumes, illustrated, bound in handsome green  
cloth, stamped in gold, and Rex Beach in 5 volumes,  
bound in red cloth, free. If not satisfied, I will return  
them at your expense, otherwise I will send you  
\$1.50 within 5 days and \$2.00 a month for 14 months.

Name .....

Address .....

Occupation ..... Leslie's  
5-28-21



## “Beauty Is Only Skin Deep”



A GOLD BRICK always looks good. It has to. Its promising appearance is its sole virtue. Looks alone will not sell goods today. Merchandise with a name—the name of its maker—has the call. For only the maker of worthy goods can long afford to advertise. At the High Court of Public Opinion any other sort is soon condemned.

Wise manufacturers seek the good publications to tell the story of their wares. The publishers seek the reputable advertising for the readers' guidance. The well-informed buyer seeks news of good merchandise through the columns of the best publications.

This proves the value of advertising. Neither advertiser nor publisher can prosper without *your* patronage. Therefore, it is to their advantage to cater to you. They do it, too.

And it is distinctly to your advantage to be guided by the message they lay before you—the advertisements.

***Read them regularly!***



DON'T SAY UNDERWEAR — SAY MUNSINGWEAR

FROM NOW ON—LET



UNION SUIT YOU



## *Munsingwear Satisfaction Lasts*

Whether you are tall or short, fat or thin, old or young, man, woman, boy or girl, there is a Munsingwear garment that will give you the utmost in service and satisfaction. It will pay you to find the Munsingwear dealer in your community and let him union suit you in Munsingwear.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

THE MUNSINGWEAR CORPORATION

NEW YORK CITY